

## The History of Statistics

### The Measurement of Uncertainty before 1900

#### STEPHEN M. STIGLER

'After hundreds of years, our field has a much-longed-for masterwork by a scholar who combines his skills as a researcher in statistical inference with a gentle sense of humor. He merges deep analysis of historic innovations, original flaws and all, with a broad overview, and he shows the progress of mathematical statistics and probability from deduction to modern statistical induction... a gorgeous book.'

Frederick Mosteller  
Belknap £21.25 Cloth 432pp illus.  
0-674-40340-1

## Higher Learning

### DEREK BOK

Derek Bok, President of Harvard University, takes a long, hard look at the process of education in American universities and considers the record and future of these important institutions. His book tries to describe what is unique about the American system of higher education and why it works well; how education has evolved in colleges and professional schools, what major educational innovations are now being attempted and what improvements most need to be made.

£12.75 Cloth 208pp 0-674-39175-6

## The Control Revolution

### Technological and Economic Origins of the Information Society

#### JAMES R. BENIGER

Why do we find ourselves living in an Information Society? How did the collection, processing and communication of information come to play an increasingly important role in advanced industrial countries relative to the roles of matter and energy?

£21.25 Cloth 512pp illus.  
0-674-16985-9



UNIVERSITY PRESS  
32 Avenue Road, London NW1 1LD

## The Times Literary Supplement

October 17 1986 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

### Contents

AMERICAN HISTORY 1170, ANCIENT HISTORY 1173, ARCHITECTURE 1167, ART 1166, BYZANTINE HISTORY 1172, CHILDREN'S BOOKS 1175, ENGLISH HISTORY 1171, FICTION 1168-9, LITERATURE 1151-3, POETRY 1158, POLITICS 1155-7, POPULAR CULTURE 1174, TRAVEL 1154

- HUGH KENNER: D. J. Enright: *The Alluring Problem - An essay on irony* 1151-2  
PATRICIA CRAIG: Hermiane Lee (Editor): *The Mulberry Tree - Writings of Elizabeth Bayen* 1152  
ERIC KORN: David C. Smith: *H. G. Wells - Desperately mortal* 1153  
PETER READING: John Carey (Editor): *William Golding - The man and his books - A tribute on his 75th birthday* 1154  
JOHN NURE: Norman Page (Editor): *William Golding - Novels, 1954-67* 1153  
DICK DAVIS: Patrick Leigh Fermor: *Between the Woods and the Water - On foot in Constantinople from the Hook of Holland - The Middle Danube to the Iran Gates* 1154  
MARY WARNOCK: Kevin Crossley-Holland (Editor): *The Oxford Book of Travel Verse* 1154  
ROY JENKINS: Peter Yapp (Editor): *The Travellers' Dictionary of Quotation - Who said what, about where?* 1154  
FREDERIC RAPHAE: Andy Porter, Martin Spence and Roy Thompson: *The Energy Fix - Towards a socialist energy strategy* 1154  
OABRIEL JOSIPOVICI: Stan Openshaw: *Nuclear Power - Siting and safety* 1154  
WILLIAM EMPSON: Donald B. Bartlett and James B. Steele: *Forever More - Nuclear waste in America* 1154  
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS: Assessment of Best Practical Environmental Options for Management of Low and Intermediate-level Solid Radioactive Waste 1155-6  
H. R. WOODHUYSEN: Paul Johnson (Editor): *The Oxford Book of Political Anecdotes* 1157  
DAVID KELLEY: Auberon Waugh: *Another Voice - An alternative anatomy of Britain* 1157  
JONATHAN BROWN: Yehuda Amichai: *The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai. Travels - A bilingual edition* 1158  
VICTORIA GLENDINNO: Warren Bargad and Stanley F. Chyet (Editors): *Israeli Poetry - A contemporary anthology* 1158  
JOHN W. BUTT: Unpublished poems 1160-61  
DAVID NOKES: American notes 1162  
SARAH WALDEN: Sales of books 1162  
ANDREW SAINT: Author, Author 1162  
Letters on Václav Havel, Austria and Nazism, Roman Law, etc 1163
- Commentary  
Alfred de Musset: *A Doar Should be either Open or Shut* (Cottesloe Theatre) 1164  
Georges Bizet: *Corneille* (Theatre Royal, Glasgow) 1164  
Nicolson Fights Croydon (Ofting Downstairs) 1164  
Richard Nelson: *Principia Scripturae* (The Pit, Barbican) 1164  
The Secret Life of Paintings (BBC2) 1165  
Don't trust the label (Nottingham University Art Gallery) 1165  
Charles Barry, Junior, and the Dulwich College Estate (Dulwich Picture Gallery) 1165
- ARTHUR C. OANTO: Edgar Wind: *Hume and the Heroic Pariah - Studies in eighteenth-century imagery. The Eloquence of Symbols* 1166  
SIMON PEPPER: T. E. Lawrence: *Crusader Castles* 1167  
LINDSA YOUNG: Beryl Bainbridge: *Filthy Lucre, or The Tragedy of Andrew Ledwhistle and Richard Soleway* 1168  
JO-ANN GOOUDIN: Tim Parks: *Loving Roger* 1168  
TOBY FITTON: John Mole: *The Montomist* 1168  
ISABEL SCHOLLES: Pat Barker: *The Century's Daughter* 1168  
CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE: Penelope Lively: *Pack of Cards* 1168  
MARK CASSERLEY: Ronald Frame: *A Long Weekend With Marcel Proust* 1169  
LESLEY CHAMBERLAIN: Rudolf Nassauer: *Kroner's Gaits* 1169  
PHILIP SMELT: Dennis Potter: *Ticket to Ride* 1169  
T. J. BINYON: Crime file 1169  
MICHAEL KAZIN: Alexander Keyssar: *Out of Work - The first century of unemployment in Massachusetts* 1170  
PETER MARSHALL: John J. McCusker and Russell McNard: *The Economy of British America 1607-1789* 1170  
IAN DUFFIELD: William L. Andrews: *To Tell a Free Story - The first century of Afro-American autobiography, 1760-1865* 1170  
CHRISTOPHER BROOKE: Ruth Polk Patterson: *The Seed of Sally Good'n - A black family of Arkansas, 1833-1953* 1170  
CYRIL MANO: Frank Battow: *Thomas Becket* 1171  
A. P. Kazhdan and Ana Wharton Epstein: *Change in Byzantine Culture in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries* 1172  
JAMES HOWARD-JOHNSTON: Anthony Bryer and David Winfield: *The Byzantine Monuments and Topography of the Pontus - Volume One and Two* 1172  
JUDITH HERRIN: Robin Cormack: *Writing in Gold - Byzantine society and its icons* 1172  
PIERRE BRIANT: Muhammad A. Oandamsev: *Slavery in Babylonia from Nabopolassar to Alexander the Great (626-331 BC)* 1173  
SEAN FRENCH: Gilbert Adair: *Myths and Memories* 1173  
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY: Robert Hewison: *Too Much - Art and society in the sixties 1960-75* 1174  
NEIL BARRY: Iain Chambers: *Popular Culture - The metropolitan experience* 1174  
COLIN GREENLAND: Peter and Len Ollman: *Allan David Bowie - A biography* 1174  
ALICE H. G. PHILLIPS: Simon Garfield: *Expensive Habits - The dark side of the music industry* 1174  
NICOLE IRVING: Owe Hill: *Designer Boys and Material Girls - Manufacturing the '80s pop dream* 1174  
Index of books reviewed 1175  
Among this week's contributors 1176

Cover picture: A photograph of William Empson taken from Christopher Barker's *Portraits of Poets*, edited by Sebastian Barker (124pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £9.95. 0 85635 651 4), to be published on October 24.

## Irony of ironies

Hugh Kenner

D. J. ENRIGHT  
*The Alluring Problem: An essay on irony*  
178pp. Oxford University Press. £12.95.  
0 19 212253 3

Irony, that catless grin, does hover these days. Wayne C. Booth, author in 1975 of *A Rhetoric of Irony* which D. J. Enright's book is quick to acknowledge, has more recently (in the *Georgia Review*, Winter 1983), complained of an omnipresent mannerism, the use of "ironically" to say merely "What about that?"

"It is ironic that the employment we find for our students interferes with their academic work." (It's not ironic, merely unintended.) "Ironically, this year's nominee has just been convicted of embezzlement." (Not ironically, na; embarrassingly.) "The tornado struck out of an ironically blue sky." (Ironically? Just oddly.) Here Booth adduces addle-pated Harriet Smith in *Emma*: "He was four-and-twenty the 8th of last June, and my birthday is the 23rd - just a fortnight and a day's difference! Which is very odd!" Nowadays, he remarks, she would say not "odd" but "ironic".

So "ironic" and "ironically" have become "all-purpose, flexible slot-fillers", and the mament they spring to mind you'd best reconsider. You were about to say, "Ironically, she never did achieve her goal?" Either cut the word entirely, counsels Booth, or decide whether you mean "sadly" or "tragically" or "appropriately", or perhaps simply "as all who knew her hoped". He even offers seventy-eight useful synonyms, thoughtfully grouped in four categories, and suggests that "but" or "yet" or "nevertheless" will frequently serve as well as any of them.

As to why "irony" has become so promiscuous, Booth sketches its present all-purpose definition: it pertains to "Every phenomenon in the universe that does not appear or behave exactly as I [the speaker] expected it to behave or wanted it to behave." Once, when we talked about the universe, we all meant an order with a ruling divinity whose designs transcended and often confounded ours: hence the Sophoclean irony, which bespoke Zeus, and Thomas Hardy's Little (and Big) Ironies, ascribed to a dicing President of the Immortals. Though less theocentric, people now still assume a universe making promises it can neglect to keep. It observes "laws", does it not, cosmological laws? But these laws seem to claim a random

right to exceptions. Hence the tornado from the blue sky, called "ironic".

A tic, then, attending the Disappearance of God? More than that, apparently. We have to account for the way "irony" now bedevils discourse about literature, where we've come to sense a minefield. Most books on irony, Enright remarks, are recent; he might have added that the topic once seemed so slight as to be encapsulable in a few phrases. Johnson's definition (1755) was simply "A mode of speech in which the meaning is contrary to the words". He offered two examples, one his own ("Bolingbroke was a holy man") and one Swift's: "So grave a body, upon so solemn an occasion, should not deal in irony, or explain their meaning by contraries." There "irony" is no more complicated than "Poetess" ("A she poet") or "Poker" ("The iron bar with which men stir the fire").

For George Puttenham in 1589 "ironia" (then still an unnaturalized word) was simply "the drye mocke": one example is the French king's retort to a man who claimed reward for facial cuts suffered in battle: "Ye may see what it is to runne away & looke backwards." It's a figure of aggression, drier than "Sarcasme", or the Blitzer taunt, and Puttenham groups it with other figures that alter the sense of whole clauses: these include Allegoria ("the Figure of false semblant"), Asteismus ("the civill jest"), Micticismus ("the Fleering frump"), Charientismus ("the privy nippe") and Periphrasis, "as when we go about the bush, and will not in one or a few words expresse that thing which we desire to have known".

You can't miss Puttenham's implication that all such trifling with plain sense is dangerous; elsewhere he calls the figures "in a sort abuses or rather irresposces in speech, because they passe the ordinary limits of common utterance, and are occupied of purpose to deceive the ear and also the minde, drawing it from plainnesse and simplicitie to a certaine doublenesse", which is not right. So "The grave judges *Areopagites*" forbade figurative speech in courtrooms according to Puttenham, and I have read somewhere that an Act of Parliament to prohibit metaphor was proposed in seventeenth-century England. I've also heard a literary critic loudly denounced for expressing some admiration of ironic modes (but was snobbish of him, seeing that irony amounts to deceiving plain folk who understand in a plain way. It was naive of the denouncer, too, who seemed to believe with Puttenham that plainness is the oom you achieve without guile.

## CAMBRIDGE

### Frankenstein's Island

England and the English in the Writings of Heinrich Heine  
S. S. PRATER

A study of Heinrich Heine's lifelong involvement with England and the English. Through a large number of quotations, many of which have not been available in English before, Heine emerges as a witty and intelligent observer of the English, their institutions and politics.

367 pp. 0 521 32381 9 £30.00 net  
Cambridge Studies in German

### Restoration Comedy in Performance

J. L. STYAN

In this liberally illustrated book John Styan persuades us that only through a performance approach to the great Restoration comedies can we recover a sense of their value. He stresses the importance of the costume, behaviour and manners of the age in understanding the sort of drama it produced.

283 pp. 0 521 25405 1 Hard covers £25.00 net  
0 521 27421 4 Paperback £7.95 net

### Modern Country Homes in England

The Arts and Crafts Architecture of Barry Parker  
Edited and introduced by DEAN HAWKES

Barry Parker (1867-1944) was a leading figure in the Arts and Crafts Movement in England. Based on his series of essays 'Modern Country Houses in England', first published in *The Craftsman* and written as a statement of his architectural belief, this book offers a critical evaluation of Parker's work.

177 pp. 0 521 24231 2 £25.00 net  
Cambridge Urban and Architectural Studies 11

### Reading Latin

Text/Grammar, Vocabulary and Exercises  
PETER V. JONES and KEITH C. SIDWELL

*Reading Latin* is the sister course to *Reading Greek*, principally designed for university and adult beginners and also for sixth-formers. The teaching of classical Latin is integrated into the whole history of Latin and its influence on European languages and culture.

Text 180 pp. 0 521 28623 9 Paperback £5.95 net  
Grammar, Vocabulary and Exercises  
640 pp. 0 521 28622 0 Paperback £9.95 net

### Medicine, Miracle and Magic in New Testament Times

HOWARD CLARK KEE

This book sketches and illustrates in detail the range of understandings of the human condition and remedies for ill that prevailed when Jesus and the apostles - as well as their successors - were spreading the Christian message and launching Christian communities in the Graeco-Roman world.

168 pp. 0 521 32309 6 £19.50 net  
Society for New Testament Studies Monographs 55

### Paul, Judaism and the Gentiles

A Sociological Approach  
FRANCIS WATSON

In this book Francis Watson questions the adequacy of interpreting Paul from the perspective of the Reformation, arguing that, if his texts are understood sociologically rather than theologically, many long-standing problems are resolved.

258 pp. 0 521 32573 0 £22.50 net  
Society for New Testament Studies Monographs 56

### The Athenian Trireme

The History and Reconstruction of An Ancient Greek Warship  
JOHN MORRISON and JOHN COATES

The warship which brought Athens to naval supremacy some 2,500 years ago has now been reconstructed and is to be commissioned into the Hellenic Navy. This book provides the full background to the construction of the full-size replicas, based on a design perfected by Morrison and Coates.

289 pp. 0 521 32202 2 Hard covers £22.50 net  
0 521 31100 4 Paperback £7.95 net

### The Crisis Zone of Europe

An Interpretation of East-Central European History in the First Half of the Twentieth Century  
IVAN T. BEREND

An examination of the consequences of only partially successful modernisation in East-Central Europe, above all in the inter-war years, which generated several kinds of revolution - national, right-wing, and bolshevik - off-set by the social, political and cultural effects of the First World War.

114 pp. 0 521 32089 5 £15.00 net

### The Politics of West German Trade Unions

Strategies of Class and Interest Representation in Growth and Crisis  
ANDREIS MARKOVITS

Professor Markovits explains the immediate financial, legal and political framework in which the West German trade unions operate and differentiates the various political trends that have consistently determined inter-union co-operation, as well as rivalry.

619 pp. 0 521 30513 6 £40.00 net

Cambridge University Press

The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU, England



Astetism and Chorientism and even Poriphraiss, the better to denote that official-dom's-eky was cracking:

"Mr Limbkins, I beg your pardon, Sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me more distinctly. Do I understand that he has asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, Sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

There's no mistaking the ironic intent of that. But Joyce thought it heavy-handed. He assumed readers who could pick up unprovided not only the enormity of the hellfire sermon but also things like a disparity between Stephen's theorizings and his solipsism. In the *Stephen Hero* draft he had used response, sprinkling ironies like "this heaven-scending essayist" on the paraphrase of Stephen's paper "Drsmo and Life", but in ten years' labour on the *Portrait* he achieved a detachment which disdains such aids.

So different readers are apt to read different *Portraits*, and is that fact of high irony or not? Is the work weaker or stronger in not declaring intentions? No one doubts the intention of Dickens. But we can deconstruct Dickens. In a getting-and-spending world he didn't radically question, did he know what his intentions signified?

Sofer, an ironist might say, to leave intentions for readers to invent. As did Swift, or did he? For *A Modest Proposal* cannot be evaded. It is perhaps the sole example of English prose we can say no one-time reader has ever forgotten. And it works by soliciting a reader (you, me) who assents to its opening statements, what a deal of beggars, what a nuisance they are, trusting the full of a reasonable voice, till in those same reasonable tones a sentence about cooking babies (you know the one) prompts a violent disjunction: this is monstrous! After that the modest proposer keeps on talking, confident that he is in sane company, from which however we have absented ourselves. And what keeps us reading, as horror climbs atop horror? Is it not partly that calm solicitation of *someone* who assents to every word? There's an awful fascination in postulating such a someone. But we assented too, till the cooking came up. Is this what generations of usage have made of reason, of expressio in a few words "that thing which we desire to have known"? Is reason, is our trust in orderly prose, somehow entangled in our willingness to dismiss misery as a simple nuisance? That was one thing we assented to, as the pamphlet got started.

But don't we as readers normally comply with authors, and by assenting help them get things started? Is not that the way we assure ourselves of something to read? For if our habit is to quarrel with opening words we'll face empty evenings, alone with our own bad temper. So Swift (1729) deconstructed our very appetite for the printed page, for the reasonable voice. The force of irony has not further gone. Where were you, Derrida, in 1729?

Mr Enright - but look, ironically, I've been scamping his book all this while. All right. It's a short book, a low-keyed book, a book without pretensions to system: an "essay", he calls it, in twenty-eight short parts with headings like "Definitions" and "Chinese". It meditates, with unsprited economy on all manner of examples, many of them transient. "It was announced in May 1985 that crocodile meat for human consumption was about to be available in Australian grocery stores since the reptile was no longer an endangered species." Thus crocodiles might long to remain an endangered species, hence out of butcher's danger, though Enright (ironically?) calls their lingering "not altogether logical".

Or a British Rail poster which lists cheques and credit cards can end: "Cash is, of course, acceptable". Irony or not? No, but "perhaps indicative of a faint sense that there are still old-world peasants who carry cash on them". Just so. And here's a report (TLS, September 21, 1984) that a New York State school board banned *A Modest Proposal* as being "in bad taste". Taste! Mr Enright's palate for examples cannot be faulted. And he cherishes non-literary examples: devoid of ironic intention, they invite on ironic reading.

What he tends to do with an example is find something quietly ironic to say about it; I found the whole book running together like wallpaper, quiet (yes, I know I've said that), short-breathed (just two-and-a-half pages on Pope), self-deprecating in an ironical way.

As for writing about irony, that too is risky since like enough you will emerge as either a smart alec or a dim-wit. Nevertheless, if you are an academic, publishing on even so equivocal a theme may help you to gain promotion. As we know, all teachers are good teachers, but in any structure involving seniority some need to be picked out as more good than others.

Enright doesn't conceal his erstwhile academic connections. But we needn't think them operative now. Thus at whose expense is this irony? Or is it irony? Would Wayne Booth pass it as ironic? Would D. J. Enright?

Some of the effects so produced can be labyrinthine. Sarcasm, Christopher Ricks is quoted as saying, is "inferior in its superiority"; irony means not knowing better but knowing otherwise. (Thus *someone* can be imagined who'd credit the Modest Proposer, but for sarcasm two ways don't exist.) Ricks, it next turns out, was discussing a poem which Enright quotes in full "since it seems not to be in print". It's about the interchangeability, misery for misery under bombing, of Hanoi and Saigon. The gist of Ricks's analysis is quoted too.

Enright then addresses the poem himself. He finds "a heaviness about it, a labour-intensiveness manifested in its repetitions, and a trace of preachiness. . . . The author's efforts

## Anglo-Irish connections

Patricia Craig

HERMIONE LEE (Editor)  
The Mulberry Tree: Writings of Elizabeth Bowen  
325pp. Virago. £12.95.  
086068 5276

A mulberry tree was a feature of the grounds at Downe House in Kent, the girls' school to which Elizabeth Bowen went as a pupil in the first autumn of the First World War; the school, she says, "must have re-assembled with an elating sense of emergency", but this sense was lost on her as everything at that moment seemed strange. She was fifteen, and this was her third school; she had lived in Dublin, Cork and Keot; her mother had died, and her present home was in Hertfordshire, with an aunt. Downe House was the most significant of her schools: here, she was taught how not to write - "though I still do not always write as I should", she adds in parenthesis - and also how not to behave: an amiable imperturbability was the thing.

Elizabeth Bowen's essay about her school-days (entitled "The Mulberry Tree", and first published in *The Old School*, edited by Graham Greene) has more than a touch of Downe House dryness: "Foibles, mannerisms we . . . exaggerated most diligently. . . . Personality came out in patches, like damp through a wall." The blithe, urbane tone is characteristic, as is the sardonic amusement with which she records the doings of schoolgirls, whether remembered or imagined; in her novels and stories we find quite a few adolescents (like Theodora Thirman in *Friends and Relations*) full of perversity or misplaced aplomb. "The Mulberry Tree" makes a good starting-point for this assembly of certain non-fiction pieces written by Elizabeth Bowen over a period of forty-odd years, since it deals with a facet of the "inner landscape" with which her literary impulse was bound up. Bowen, terrain - her term - consists of Co Cork and London, as well as parts of Kent; but what's essential to it, over and above the actual localities it contains, is the intangible ingredient - atmosphere - which the writer's imagination supplies. It is a reciprocal process; these are the places that affected the writer, and she in turn affects them, or at least our view of them.

"If you begin in Ireland, Ireland remains the norm: like it or not", Elizabeth Bowen wrote. What it means to be Anglo-Irish is a recurring consideration, in her work; in 1944, for example, she contributed to Sean O'Faolain's

to keep cool . . . evidence themselves to a stolid, too deliberate hypothermia." (Fine word, that; I've not seen it in literary discussion before.) Since "the author did not see fit to include the piece in his collected poems", we're to suppose that he felt misgivings such as those detailed.

The author? The notes don't name him. They simply send us to *New York Review of Books*, August 13, 1970, where, verifying a suspicion, we may ascertain that the poem "Streets" was written by - D. J. Enright. *Quelle chose là qui ne va pas*. Or else irony.

The trope expands like a gas: it's not only "the meaning contrary to the words" but saying (as above) less than is meant; also saying more than is meant; even (ironically) saying just what is meant and not being trusted. Who now, is it tempting to say, trusts anything said? There seem reasons not wholly to trust Enright. Enright too doesn't wholly trust Wayne Booth, who can crush his subject "under the weight of brilliance", or mistay it "under sudden decelerations and profusions". Booth is American. Have we here the English aversion to what gets called "cleverness"? Have we, in *The Alluring Problem* (coy title), a deliberately English book, pragmatic, unystematic, chewing it cold while it chances on instances? Is that too ironic a reading?

Yes, it is; because our author seems without guile, if not without reticence. What troubles him about books like Booth's and Muecke's is some disparity between the system implied by any book and the very elusiveness their subject has acquired. Hence, since the subject compels

periodical *The Bell* an animated, rather defensive article on "The Big House" (reprinted here), in which she claims credit for her compatriots for their nonchalant, stylishness, refusal to be downcast and commitment to sociability. Also included in *The Mulberry Tree* is "Eire", the piece on Irish neutrality which appeared in the *New Statesman* in 1941 - explaining it, not condoning it. No one was better placed to comment on this matter than Elizabeth Bowen, whose "war work" included the drafting of a series of reports, for the Ministry of Information, on the mood in Ireland with regard to the war. "The childishness and obtuseness of this country [Ireland] cannot fail to be irritating to the English mind", she wrote sternly in one of these undercover reports; however, she goes on to defend the Irish against certain of the charges levelled against them. Disloyalty, for example: "given the plain facts of history", she says, the word simply isn't applicable. "I could wish that the English kept history in mind more, that the Irish kept it in mind less."

A travel permit enabled Elizabeth Bowen to move freely between Ireland and England (she and her husband Alan Cameron had lived at 2 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, since 1935). In September 1940 - "the beady autumn of the first . . . air raids" - she was back in London, and cut off from her home by an unexploded bomb: "London 1940" (another of Hermione Lee's choices) recounts the experience. The mousy dust shed by mutilated buildings; leaves swept up with the glass in them; these, noted in the essay, are details familiar to readers of the *Deton* Lover stories and *The Heat of the Day* (both among the handful of contemporary works of fiction that put their finger on some quintessential mood or flavour of the time). In the story, "Mysterious Kor", in which a moonlit, unearthly city is superimposed over blacked-out London, a debt of the author's is acknowledged: to Rider Haggard's *She*, a work she had latched on to at the suitable age of twelve. A talk broadcast in 1947 considers the effect on her imagination - or on any vivid imagination - of this potent story.

Hermione Lee has arranged her material under six headings: Essays, Prefaces, Reviews, Letters, Broadcasts and Autobiography; and writes a cogent and informed introduction to go with each. Too often, collections are to be dreaded; Elizabeth Bowen once observed (in her enthusiastic review of E. M. Forster's *Abinger Harvest*, not in *The Mulberry Tree*), and went on to enumerate the defects such offerings may throw into relief: tricks of mind, prejudices and so forth. "Cumulatively, the effect

may be desolating." No such recurrence deaden *The Mulberry Tree*. Connections, the pursuit or elaboration of certain basic ideas or the reiteration of points: when these are picked up it is to enriching, not dimming, effect. Her views on dialogue in the novel, for example - these, expounded fully in the well-known "Notes on Writing a Novel" (which we find here), were tried out on various friends, one of whom, the Canadian diplomat Charles Ritchie, recorded them in his diary published under the title *The Stran Years*.

Ritchie is virtually absent from *The Mulberry Tree*, and this is odd since less important figures in Elizabeth Bowen's life are carefully docketed in a series of notes appended to the text. It might have been worth including a letter in which he is mentioned in order to get a biographical note which would have added something to the picture of Elizabeth Bowen (after all, the book is described in the blurb to "a kind of autobiography"). There is, for instance, a letter to William Plomer, written in February 1946, in which she regrets Charles Ritchie's recall to Ottawa, on account of "what she calls 'this miserable spy-ringing affair' (the one involving Nunn May). Other letters unfortunately excluded are the one to William Plomer describing a hunt ball at her ancestral home, Bowen's Court in Co Cork, with electric light rigged up for the occasion and the place very strikingly illuminated, "which I had never seen before" - all "extremely gorgeous and unanime, as the band and tramping made talk impossible"; and one to Virginia Woolf, concerning a visit to Rome and an Italian waiter who - when Elizabeth Bowen failed to understand an item in the menu - "flapped his sorrow-like wings, made cooing noises then split himself down the breastbone with his thumbnail to show it was half a pigeon".

A phrase or two, in the Letters section, has been incorrectly transcribed: Elizabeth Bowen was full of irritations and repugnances when she came over to Bowen's Court just after the war (as she told William Plomer) - not "visions", whatever those are supposed to be. Writing to the same correspondent in 1938 about the enjoyable life they all had, "seeing each other without being a group", she adds: "Perhaps ours was, is, the only con-gruently generation." This appears as "non-groupy generation", which creates a wrong idea about Elizabeth Bowen's use of English. However, the cumulative effect of *The Mulberry Tree* pieces is to make us feel that Elizabeth Bowen's non-fiction writing meets all the requirements set out by herself: "readers, truth, evocation, some touch of grace".

## Creative campaigner

Eric Korn

DAVID C. SMITH  
H. G. Wells: Desperately mortal  
634pp. Yale. £18.50.  
030036228

You might make an entertaining Edwardian Personality Quiz by taking a suitable text and selecting the proper names, thus:

We found, in a copy of - we had brought with us, a letter from Mrs - denouncing the moral tone of the younger generation, a propos of a rising young writer and having read it aloud we decided to do something about it. So we stripped ourselves under the trees as though there was no one in the world but ourselves, and we made love all over Mrs -

The newspaper was *The Times*, the moralist was Mrs Humphry Ward, the speaker - of course - H. G. Wells, in the posthumous, or rather the post-dated portion of his autobiographical experiment, his fellow stripper was "Little", Elizabeth, Gräfin von Armin, later Countess Russell, and the "rising young writer", whom Wells at that moment had not encountered in the flesh, was Rebecca West.

I quote this passage in no proud spirit, but merely to show how H. G. Wells may literally be said to have done his love-making on paper. And likewise his kissing and his telling, his exulting and his ruling, his debating and his quarrelling, his planning and his dreaming, his openly conspiring and his secret places. And since he was active, if not hyper-active, socially and sometimes anti-socially, creatively and procreatively, for the better part of eighty years, the biographer's problem is not a shortage of material. The printed sources alone are vast: an overage of three books or pamphlets a year for fifty years, endless journalism; four decades as an oracle, and how many interviews awake in those decades? And though Marjorie Wells, H.G.'s daughter-in-law and last amanuensis, sent vast bundles of correspondence back to the correspondents, letters are

remorselessly conserving in the great Wells-hoard at Illinois and lesser ones like Bromley.

Daunting quantities of data, and now comes David C. Smith, dauntless Professor of History from the woods of Maine, with Wellian energy and Wellian enthusiasm for the man and his causes, who seems to have read the lot. No previous biographer has shown anything like Professor Smith's familiarity with the sources or his skill in marshalling them; no previous biographer, it follows, has rendered the density, the sheer brimming joyful busyness of the life. Smith is the chronicler of Wells's endless campaigns, magnificent or petty: the Fabian campaign, the League of Nations campaign, the campaign for a Declaration of Human Rights, the campaign against dogs in Hanover Terrace (Smith cannot believe that the draft letter was ever sent, but I have seen a reply), the campaigns for education, the campaign to get rid of Odette Keun. For its massive documentation and its imaginative empathy, this will serve as the definitive biography for years to come.

The pace is sometimes breathless. Half-a-dozen pages cover the period of the first volume of *Experiment in Autobiography* (which, not unfairly, Smith assumes his public will have read). Documentation is segregated into a hundred-odd pages of end-notes, sometimes in the style of Mr Jingle. Note six to Chapter One discusses Wells's attitude to his childhood poverty, his opinion of Henry James, the present ownership of the High Street Shop in Bromley, his father's debts, drink problem, and final residence. But Wells's life was breathless, and this may be the right way to depict it. It seems at first glance neatly to disassemble into a series of quite disparate instants, such as a contemporary Jacques might enumerate: first the sickly (doubtless mewling) infant, then the sluggish apprentice (willingly to school, unwillingly to the drapers'), the teacher of zoology, the science-fiction pioneer (how briefly!), the political soldier, full of slimg, Fabian oaths, the romantic



novelist, the Deist, the League of Nations crusader, the political journalist (a bit capon-lin), again the teacher, the judge, the prophet . . . already more than seven and we haven't had to mention the liver.

Smith disabuses us of this false notion: his thematic treatment shows how each of Wells's passing passions (except perhaps the brief theological one) remained with him, a motif, a preoccupation, an opportunity, a network of friends and influences, an embarrassment, another string to that diversely strung bow.

Smith shows an engaging readiness to refigit Wells's battles, powered by the belief, which seems to me entirely rational, that nothing in the past forty years has invalidated his premises that only a World State can prevent world chaos. It doesn't follow from this that one need side with Wells against Shaw in the debate on the future of the Fabian Society. On the great James-Wells Heavyweight Prize Fight, Smith resents the narrow Eng-Lit view that Wells was a philistine who abused literature for worldly

ends, behaved like a guttersnipe to the Great Artist, received a solitary drubbing at his hands and was never heard of again. The Great Tradition, like a river chastened by James's Moslem knock, flowed away from didacticism for ever, leaving Wells isolated in an arid upland. Smith does not see it this way; nor, by and large, did Wells's contemporaries. And it is this huge cost of contemporaries that Smith has explored so effectively, setting Wells more intricately into his social context than before.

Just one aspect of this is the entertaining appendix in which Smith lists the recipients of presentation copies for one of H.G.'s late novels, *The Autocracy of Mr Patnam*. It has long been understood in book-collecting circles that Wells inscriptions are not exactly black tulips, and now we know. Fifty copies went to Aldous and Odette, to Harold Laski and "Little", to G.B.S. and Elizabeth Arion. Smith doesn't identify Mrs Arion further, but this gossip theatre-person, in her memoirs, *My Sentimental Self* (1922), describes her first meeting with Wells. She said "Tell me of your next book"; he replied "I'd no soon take off my elinthes." It isn't clear if he ever did. Mrs Arion is kitenish about their relationship, quoting his "compromising" notes to her: "Beloved, I am working and working like Gnd, but I shall see you soon." As it happens, I have that letter, and it addresses her not as "beloved" but "Dear E.A.". I bought it under the impression it was addressed to E. Arnold Bennett. A salutary tale, revealing how much uncertainty remains in the best documented life.

So it is no shame to Professor Smith and his important achievement if, among the thousands of new facts he has unearthed, there should be a couple of factoids. The average royalty in 1925, on his own figures, is 3/6d not 3/5d. The animal Wells studied in the South Kensington laboratory was *Asiacus* (Huxley wrote a book on it) not *Aseres*. St George Grant should be St George Mivart; and by Wells's own testimony, the lady in, or rather on the newspaper, was not Amber Reeves.

## PRIMO LEVI

"One of the most important and gifted writers of our time"

Italo Calvino  
MOMENTS OF REPRIEVE

Translated by Ruth Feldman  
A profoundly moving collection of stories about Auschwitz and the human figures who stood out against that tragic background . . . the few, the different, the ones in whom I had recognised the will and capacity to resist, and hence a rudiment of virtue. £9.95

MICHAEL JOSEPH

new in paperback  
THE PERIODIC TABLE

"There is nothing supernatural here, everything this book contains is essential."

Saul Bellow  
£3.95

ABACUS



ably based on this extraordinary Alec Albert.)

A funny anecdote is related by Peter Green, who was host to the Goldings at his home in Greece. Having all day eschewed Greek booze in the pursuit of sobriety, the friends arrive at a hilltop *kophelion* where tea is temperately ordered. Golding confers in private, with the waiter, who produces two teapots, one of which is exclusively for the *aphendis*, the boss. Green notices that no steam emanates from Golding's pot, which, it transpires, contains retsina and is emptied with solitary gusto.

Other noteworthy memories are contributed by Anthony Barrett, who was taught by Golding at Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury, in 1945, and by Charles Monteith, whose thrilling account of the submission to Faber of the *Strangers from Within* (*Lord of the Flies*) typescript was published in the TLS of September 19.

But it is the interviewee, unobtrusively prompted by Carey, who provides the choicest insights. There's an intriguing illumination of influence and narrative technique when Golding explains how, in *The Inheritors*, he uses a Homeric extended simile to distance the reader, prolong a tension and accentuate a terror by contrasting digression. Elsewhere, Carey's perception that the combination of child and fire recurs in the novels (he cites Matty, child with a mark on his face, coming out of the fire in *Darkness Visible*, and the child with a mark on its face in *Lord of the Flies* disappearing into the forest fire) is answered: "Do you know . . . this is the first time that has occurred to me." This is particularly amusing since, earlier in the Festschrift, Craig Raine has plausibly invoked Southwell's poem "The Burning Babe" apropos of Motty's phoenix-like appearance in *Darkness Visible*.

Another of Raine's source suggestions (this time for *Pincher Man*), Raskolnikov's meditation, in *Crime and Punishment*, on the desirability of even putrefaction! life, echoes an identical thought by Norman Page - editor of the set of essays by divers hands *William Golding: Novels, 1954-67* in the Macmillan Casebook series. This book - the sort that hapless

There was, I remember, the treadle sewing machine which had been converted into a bizarre dynamo, with a giant horseshoe magnet some two feet long and a pair of whirling, handwood coils the size of small fan fans. When pedalled furiously, the whole equipment vibrated violently, the flash lamp bulbs lit up feebly, but nowhere else have I seen the whole process of the generation of electricity reduced to such basic and easily comprehended elements.

In his interview with Carey, Golding discloses that the kindly, otherworldly, Wellian rationalist scientist (Nick) in *Free Fall*, is in essence a



## God and the New Biology

### ARTHUR PEACOCKE

Were matter, life and humanity created?

Advances in our understanding of genetics and fresh insights into the molecular structures within living organisms have created a totally new insight for our perception of nature. In his new book, Dr Peacocke discusses the relation between science and religion, arguing cogently against those who maintain that biology is nothing but physics and chemistry. £10.95 0 460 04699 3

## Evelyn Waugh

### The Early Years 1903 - 1939

In this important new biography, Martin Stannard has drawn on a wealth of fascinating new material which throws fresh light on the interdependence of Waugh's life and work. The result is a full portrait and reassessment of a man torn between two conflicting ambitions - the desire to establish himself as a serious craftsman and the desire to be a man of the world. £14.95 0 460 04632 2

## Garden and Grove

The Italian Renaissance garden in the English imagination: 1600 - 1750

### JOHN DIXON HUNT

'A major work... Once picked up the book cannot be put down.' *Country Life*  
The landscape garden of the 18th century is still generally regarded as a peculiarly English phenomenon. In this pioneering study, Professor Dixon Hunt argues that the landscape garden in fact derived from the great gardens of the Italian Renaissance. Looking first at what English visitors recorded in their journals and travel books, he goes on to explore how these same visitors created Italianate gardens on their estates, stages and in their poems. £25.00 0 460 04681 0

## Dictionary of Abbreviations

### SECOND EDITION

### JOHN PAXTON

GOSH, ERIC was in a RAGE when FIDO got his MOLARS on the COP.

Find out who's who and what's what in the new edition of this comprehensive dictionary now completely updated with nearly 2000 new entries. 'A find of clarity in an increasingly obfuscated world.' *Times Educational Supplement* £10.95 0 460 03034 5

## DENT

# Welcome traveller

### John Ure

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR  
*Between the Woods and the Water: On foot to Constantinople from The Hook of Holland: The Middle Danube to the Iron Gates* 242pp. John Murray. £13.95. 07195 42642

Patrick Leigh Fermor lost the notebooks in which he recorded his journey on foot in the mid-1930s from The Hook of Holland to Constantinople, and they did not come to light again until the 1970s. The result was the publication of *A Time of Gifts* (reviewed in *TLS*, October 7, 1977), describing the first leg of his youthful march as far as the bridge over the Danube between Slovakia and Hungary. As the nine years have crawled by while his admirers waited for the second instalment, they had begun to wonder whether the notebooks were lost again; happily they were not. We now have his account of the central passage of the journey, across the Hungarian plains, the marches of Transylvania and the Carpathian mountains - a land of "fiendish monocular horsemen, queens in lonely towers, toppling ranges, deep forests, plains full of half-wild horses... a mad noblemen mad rioting jacqueries". The long wait has been abundantly worth while.

*Between the Woods and the Water* evokes two separate sentiments. The first is the ecstasy of youthful adventures, of the open road, of fast-formed and fast-held friendships. The second is the thirst for knowledge of the romantic scholar; the intellectual curiosity that is aroused by every library and legend, by every cathedral and castle from the Rhine to the Bosphorus. Leigh Fermor revels in words for their own sake. In the cathedral of Esztergom, having noted the worshippers in "kalpaks of beorskin" and their plumes of egret's feathers, he observes: "Alleluiahs were on the wing, the

cumulus of incense billowing round the carved acanthus leaves was winding aloft and losing itself in the shadows of the dome." Humour too plays a part in the process. Reflecting on the influence of English nannies on the children of Central European aristocrats, he finds that "toes kept count of pigs going to market before fingers learnt to tell beads, and Three Blind Mice rushed in much earlier than inkblinks of the Trinity". And who but Leigh Fermor would describe Count Dracula's propensity for impaling his victims as "a lifelong foible"?

He writes in the tradition of a certain sort of British traveller. The rhapsodies on architecture are reminiscent of Robert Byron; the quick eye for a classical connection reminds one of Norman Douglas; the surrender to the charms of gypsy music and Austro-Hungarian wences recalls the Central European exploits



A canal in Holland, a photograph by Brett Weston reproduced from *Landscape* (224pp. Thames and Hudson, £9.95. 0 500 27349 9).

of Robert Bruce Lockhart. And yet Leigh Fermor's compendium is peculiarly his own: you never know quite what the next few pages will have in store, but you can be reasonably confident that you will be carried along by the sheer momentum of the whole unstructured performance.

As he confesses in his introductory letter, Leigh Fermor was at the receiving end of a great deal of lovish - indeed princely - hospitality during this phase of his (intended) rugged journey. But nowhere - among all the hilarious vignettes of champagne picnics at baronial hunting lodges and all-night balls at Buda in borrowed finery - is there a hint of sponging. How did it come about that this travel-stained youth was so instantly acceptable in palaces as well as gypsy encampments? A number of factors must have helped: his curiosity in all he saw must have flattered his hosts; his enthusiasm must have been infectious (the reader is not immune); his linguistic capacity was a breaker of barriers; his ability to sketch his hostesses gave instant pleasure; his familiarity with rural pastimes must have helped; his dashing approach to a wild horse or a wilder mazarin may have struck them as a patrician. But the real key to his success as a guest (and one which every itinerant undergraduate would do well to ponder) was surely that he never saw his benefactors as means to an end, as comfortable billets at convenient stepping-stones; he saw them as friends with whom he endeavoured to keep in touch for long (or long) years afterwards and whose gifts and foibles enriched his memory and experience as much as their exotic food and soft beds eased his immediate path.

We now wait for the third volume of the travelogue: the account of the final leg of his journey from the Iron Gates to Constantinople itself. The trilogy will constitute not only a monument to a vanished Europe, but also as inspiration to every young man with a pack on his back and a taste for scholarship and adventure.

# The future since Chernobyl

### Mary Warnock

ANDY PORTER, MARTIN SPENCE and ROY THOMPSON  
*The Energy Fix: Towards a socialist energy strategy* 224pp. Pluto. Paperback. £5.95. 07453 00707

STAN OPENSHAW  
*Nuclear Power: Siting and safety* 352pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £20 (paperback, £9.95). 07102 01834

DONALD B. BARTLETT and JAMES B. STEELE  
*Forever More: Nuclear waste in America* 352pp. Norton. £15.10. 0393 019209  
*Assessment of Best Practical Environmental Options for Management of Low and Intermediate-level Solid Radioactive Waste* 80pp. HMSO. £5.85. 01751 8573

These books were published before the Chernobyl disaster. Thus, when they first appeared, they might have seemed worth considering only to a minority (though already a rapidly growing one) of "Green" party members, Friends of the Earth, CND enthusiasts, or people living close to a nuclear power station or proposed disposal site. Chernobyl has changed all that. There can now hardly be anyone in Britain who has not raised the question of the country's dependence on nuclear power; there can hardly be anyone not anxious to acquire such hard information as there is about safety; or, to put it more gloomily, about risks.

*The Energy Fix*, however, is a wholly propagandist work. It is as much a demand that run-down coal mines should be reopened as an argument for closing nuclear power stations. These are condemned not only because they are unsafe, but because they "fragment the work-force", since conditions of such peculiar

hazard and secrecy necessarily divide worker against worker, and encourage a hierarchical structure of production. There may be truth in this. But the fact is that, in the face of nuclear accident, everyone is equal. There is no need to strive for equality in this context. Questions about the strategies we must adopt if we are to continue to rely on nuclear power, or, for that matter, if we are to abandon it, must be asked and answered as far as possible neutrally. This is the only way in which proposed solutions can be examined with the thoroughness and openness they deserve.

Stan Openshaw's *Nuclear Power: Siting and safety* comes much nearer to this ideal. It is a geographer's argument for siting nuclear power stations and reprocessing plants as far away as possible from centres of population. Of course, since Chernobyl, it may seem that in the case of accident we are so much at the mercy of the direction of the wind that it makes little difference where power stations are sited in so small a country as Britain. But this would be a false conclusion; for there is strong evidence of unduly high levels of radiation among those who live near nuclear stations; so Openshaw's argument is still valid. He concludes that the north-west of Scotland is the best possible place, and it seems hard to dispute this. Yet is such destruction of the natural environment to be tolerated? Or is it merely frivolous to prefer the solitude and beauty of the West Highlands to the safety of thousands of people? Openshaw avoids such emotionally fraught questions.

Finally, Donald Bartlett and James Steele, two professional investigators, trace in some detail the changes in attitude towards nuclear power in America in the last forty years. They rightly insist that the public in general is far more aware of the dangers both to human health and to the environment than they used to be. They therefore argue that it is the prime duty of policy-makers to be open, to admit when decisions have been wrong, and, in the matter of waste disposal, to establish and pub-

lish categories of waste, from the most dangerous to the relatively safe. Only in this way, they argue, can appropriate policies for disposal be debated and agreed.

It is clear that we are faced, in 1986, with two main problems. The first is the problem of immediate safety. We have to ask how much leakage there is from nuclear power stations; and, above all, how secure we can feel about accident. If there should be an accident, how can we prepare ourselves for it? The second problem is that of the disposal of nuclear waste. Even if, improbably, nuclear power stations were 100 per cent safe, they would still generate waste, and nuclear waste will never go away by itself, nor become safe over the years. Both problems are complex and intractable. But neither ought, on those grounds, to be considered as problems only for experts. The greatest need is for the general public to be informed. We, the lay public, have, after all, been educated. We are no longer going to be fobbed off with soothing words. Policy-makers must realize that the price of widespread education is increased suspicion and cynicism, in response to bromides and piousness.

Thus it is worse than useless for people to tell us that the risk of nuclear accident is less than the risk of an air-crash or even a railway accident. Nor are we made to feel better by being assured that the average shortening of life from exposure to extra radiation, over the population as a whole, is half a day, or even half an hour. We are in no way encouraged by learning that, over all, the risk of cancer from leaking reactors is less than the risk of cancer from other people's cigarettes. We have the wit to know that such comparisons are meaningless. For one thing, the public knows that the dangers from nuclear accidents are of a totally different kind from the dangers of air-crash, or even from an earthquake. The public also knows that to speak of "averages" in this context is absurd. Some people will not be affected by radiation at all (that is to say they will not be exposed to it); others, living near to a reactor,

will be affected severely, but may not discover for years what the nature and extent of their sickness will be. There is an impossible use in averaging out the radiation consequences over two such initially different populations. Nor are the normal concepts of probability (difficult though these are for most people to grasp) of much interest in this field. If you are insuring your house, actuaries will work out what is a reasonable premium for you to pay. But from the point of view of an insurance company, if your house is going to fall down, it makes no difference to them how or in what manner it falls down. The probability of disaster from nuclear accident is quite different. It is the nature of the risk, not its numerical probability, that frightens us.

But perhaps, since Chernobyl, we have concentrated too much on accident. The longer-term (infinitely long-term) problems of waste disposal would exist even if we were not accident-prone. Here again, the first essential is that those responsible for policy should stop trying to lull the public into a false sense of security. At present, the problem in Britain is how best to dispose of medium and low-level radioactive waste. High-level waste is recycled (though it is dubious whether this process is worth the money and the risks involved. In some ways high-level waste is easier to dispose of than medium or low-level waste). The policy with regard to disposal is settled by reference to what is called the Best Practical Environmental Option (BPEO), a term invented some years ago by the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, and adopted by the Department of the Environment as the rationale of all their pollution strategies.

In a paper produced earlier this year, the DOE sought to apply the concept of the BPEO specifically to the disposal of radioactive waste. *Assessment of Best Practical Environmental Options for Management of Low and Intermediate-level Solid Radioactive Waste* did this by attaching numerical weightings to the supposed advantages and disadvantages of

## Monetarism and the Labour Market

### Derek Robinson

The author believes that monetarist analysis is misguided and fails to understand the nature of the economic activity it seeks to explain, and that this is nowhere more evident than in its treatment of labour markets.

019 877191 8, Publication 23 October £30.00  
019 877192 4, paperback £11.95  
*Library of Political Economy*

## How to Beat Unemployment

### Richard Layard

'A rare kind of success among economics books, and deserves to be widely read.' *The Economist*  
'Anyone who wants to keep abreast of the policy debate about unemployment in this country will have to read Layard's new book.' Christopher Huhne, *The Guardian*

019 877285 3 £15.00  
019 877284 6, Oxford Paperbacks £3.95

## The Future Impact of Automation on Workers

### Wesley Leontief and Faye Duchin

Using the Input-Output model of the US economy developed by Leontief, the authors analyse the future impact on the labour force of computer-driven automation.

019 803623 9, OUP USA £22.50

## The Structuring of Labour Markets

### The Steel and Construction Industries in Italy

### Paola Villa

This theoretical and empirical investigation into the issues of labour market segmentation is an important contribution to labour market studies. It investigates how and why workers with similar characteristics are grouped differently in different segments of the labour market.

019 828508 8, Clarendon Press £25.00  
019 828502 3, paperback £14.95  
*Library of Political Economy*

## Models of the UK Economy

### A Second Review by the ESRC Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau

Edited by K. F. Wallis, M. J. Andrews, D. N. F. Bell, P. G. Fisher, and J. D. Whitley

'Offers valuable insights and should be essential reading for anyone who regularly makes use of model-based macroeconomic forecasts.'

Neil Blake, *The Economist*  
019 828543 4 £19.50  
019 828542 6, paperback £7.95

## Financial Innovation, Efficiency and Disequilibrium

Problems of Monetary Management in the UK, 1971-81

### P. D. Spencer

Monetary control has assumed increasing importance in the UK in recent years. This book reviews this experience and analyses some of the problems which confronted the authorities in their attempts to restrain monetary growth.

019 8285124, Clarendon Press £20.00

## The Market for North Sea Crude Oil

Edited by Robert Mahro, Robert Bacon, Margaret Chadwick, and David Long

Studies the North Sea Oil market in detail, looking at the structure of the market, describing the institutional framework, particularly the tax regime, explaining the function and mechanism of forward dealings, and analysing price behaviour.

019 730001 4, OUP/Oxford Institute for Energy Studies £29.50

## Oxford Review of Economic Policy

This quarterly journal has quickly established itself in the business of conveying the latest academic economic thinking to politicians, bureaucrats, and the rest of us. *The Times*

ISSN 0269-803X  
Subscription rates (Volume 2, 1986): £45.00 (UK), US \$90.00 (N. America), £60.00 (Elsewhere)

## ECONOMICS

**Oxford University Press**

## The Decline of the British Economy

### An Institutional Perspective

Edited by Bernard Eibbaum and William Lazonick

'A distinguished contribution... The essays that it contains are coherent and thought-provoking... this is a fascinating new approach to the analysis and understanding of the decline of the British economy. It should be read.'

Peter L. Payne, *The Times Higher Education Supplement*

019 828494 2, Clarendon Press £25.00

## Britain's Economic Renaissance

Margaret Thatcher's Reforms 1979-84

### Sir Alan Arthur Walters

'This book is intended to challenge conventional ideas and it succeeds... He persuaded me to change my mind on at least two important questions (narrow money and the EMS). Alan Budd, *Financial Times*

019 803739 1, OUP USA £19.50

## Britain's Shadow Economy

### Stephen Smith

The shadow economy embraces not only the black economy of moonlighting, tax dodging, and embezzling, but also the wide range of ordinary, though productive, household activities such as washing-up, baby-sitting, and DIY improvements. This book takes a critical look at the whole of the shadow economy and makes new estimates of the scale and pattern of concealed incomes.

019 828569 9, Clarendon Press £19.50

For further details of these books contact: Academic Publicity, OUP, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP. (Information on Oxford Journals can be obtained from the Journals Subscription Department, at the same address).



various options for disposal, offering four different weighting systems, according to different points of view. Thus, from one point of view, health would be more important than disturbance to an environment; from another point of view, cost would be more important than health, and so on. The outcome in each case was a single figure, derived from the balance of advantage against disadvantage, especially the balance of cost against safety. Whichever weighting system they took, miraculously, the answer always came out the same: the best method of disposal was early, shallow burying of waste, in a natural clay soil.

Without entering into the technical questions about whether or not this is in fact a good method of disposal, there are certain general objections to the UPEO as it has been applied to this case. First, and perhaps most obvious, is the objection that not all possible options were considered. Disposal at sea, which might very well be the best and safest option, because it has been put out of court by the action of the National Union of Seamen, was not even considered. It could be said that industrial action has rendered this option impractical, even if true. But in that case all options are impractical, since there is none that will not raise a protest from somebody. Perhaps more important, the separate advantages and disadvantages of each option were concealed by the single-figure outcome. It was assumed that it was possible to combine the concept of cost with that of risk and come up with a single figure, weighing one against the other. But to do this obscures the real decision of value that has to be made. The notion of the BPEO, applied as the Department applied it, suggests, falsely, that whoever you are, whatever your value, there is one best solution to the problem of waste disposal, which can be proved to be so. What is hidden is the fact that we have to decide, at a political, and hence a public, level whether to prefer safety to economy, whether we are, in fact, prepared to pay for our security, and if so how much we are prepared to pay.

The BPEO does not provide a magic, "correct" formula. Thus the DOE paper (itself incredibly difficult to understand) represents a concealed political, or moral, decision. When the present Minister for the Environment, William Waldegrave, recently referred to the BPEO in the House of Commons, in answer to a question about nuclear waste, he spoke as if he could read off from the Ministry's calculations the right answer to the problem. He cannot; and nobody can. It is essentially a matter to be judged of, or decided, taking into account not only facts but fears. We have to begin to raise a question not to be contemplated by politicians or industrialists: the question whether economic considerations must always win. Not being fooled by the magic idea of a BPEO, we must ask whether, when economy demands one course, human safety or even human pleasure and enjoyment another, the safety, agreeableness and enjoyment of life must always be sacrificed. These are, blatantly, questions of value.

The Melbourne newspaper, *The Age*, recently carried a report (July 12, 1986) from the

town of Cattenom, on the river Moselle in France, where four new nuclear reactors are being constructed, the first to start building up power this month. A local teacher, M Nieder-corn, was quoted in these words:

We weren't anti-nuclear at the beginning. We just wanted people to know what was happening. But when we learned about the problems with nuclear waste, and the fact that nuclear energy had not been mastered, we became anti-nuclear. We so nearly won. But in the end money and the fear of unemployment won. The metallurgical industries were dying and people hoped the plan would be the rebirth of the region. The *Electricité de France* came. I told everyone "We'll make you rich and give you Scotch" and they believed it. It's difficult to fight against money.

The "Green" parties are prepared to take up just this fight. Even if they are not so extreme as to advocate a return to the horse or the candle, they are nevertheless prepared to advocate considerable changes in life-style which would, they recognize, be necessary if we were to reduce the amount of energy we use. Such considerations are, of course, quite general. Too often, however, environmentalists or Green politicians use their persuasive powers only in response to particular issues, where, for example, local residents are protesting against the use of a site for the disposal of waste. The Green party may add its voice to such protests, but the general point is lost among the particular vested interests.

It may well be that "lily" people, those, that is, who have no particular axe to grind, no commitments to foreign governments, no undertakings to provide cheap electricity, no local preservation interests, are better able than politicians or civil servants to acquaint themselves with the facts, and attempt to base sensible and honest general value judgments on these facts, without exaggeration or hysteria. Of course it is one thing to say that the "lily" must make the judgments, quite another to imagine a means by which the judgments they make (even if, improbably, they were unanimous) could contribute to the actual formation of policy. The sense of impotence, of a total inability to influence, let alone determine, the way things happen, must be the most familiar source of uneasiness, in a world where issues are so complicated, outcomes so difficult to predict. All the same, ordinary people, the "lily", still have certain political obligations; and in this matter it seems to me that they are two-fold.

First, we have a duty to demand knowledge, and to refuse reassurances which, coming from "experts", are supposed to be soundly based on indisputable evidence, when they are not. We must not forget that politicians have interests that may be short-term and designed to win votes rather than to secure a future beyond the life of the next Parliament. We must remember, too, that civil servants, probably more influential than politicians in this area, are never prone to think of problems in depth or in general terms, but are always committed to whatever policy seems somehow already to have been decided . . . and understandably.

Their job, after all, is to make things work, not to issue moral or political pronouncements. We would not like it if they did. We have a duty, then, to demand that all possible options be considered. Have the consequences of abandoning nuclear power been clearly thought out? What percentage of our electricity is to be produced from nuclear reactors? (We know that France aims to produce 75 per cent of its electricity by nuclear power by 1990.) Can we be told what accidents have occurred in the last ten years, and whether these were the result of faulty design or human error? Can we be told what would happen in the case of disaster, what plans exist for evacuating the locality, and how long it would be before the surrounding country could be made safe (if ever)? If we are to retain our nuclear power stations (and there are very good arguments for doing so) we must insist that we are no longer treated like children from whom disagreeable facts are concealed. If we have to, we must face the risks, knowing what we are doing, and knowing that, in this context, we have chosen to value other things more highly than safety.

Second, I believe we have a more difficult duty, less easy to formulate, but even more important. We have got to learn to think ahead, not in terms of a few years, not even in



"Looking west from the business center", a drawing reproduced from Hugh Ferriss's "romantic vision for a humanistic city of the future", *The Metropolis of Tomorrow* (1929). The Architectural Press. £32.50. 085134 4043.

terms of our own life-time, but much further than that. In the seventeenth century, political philosophy concerned itself exclusively with the rights and duties of members of a single state with regard to their rulers. It was simply not necessary to take into account a wider world. Locke said that "princes" were in the state of nature; they had no duties to one another. International relations were a matter of survival of the strongest. Gradually we have come to recognize that, geographically, we must look beyond the confines of our own country, even if we are still very bad at doing so. At least no political theorist could now sincerely say that what went on in other countries was simply of no concern to him. Now we have to learn to extend our interest further in time, as well as in space. We have to think about what is good or bad for a future infinitely more remote from ourselves than any we have been accustomed to consider.

Nineteenth-century Utilitarianism demanded that a man who was morally responsible would calculate the consequences of his acts, or rather of his kinds of acts—cheating, lying, defrauding his neighbours—and would refrain from doing those things which would, overall, bring about more pain than pleasure. But, though this was never clearly stated, consequences were not presumed to flow on into an unending future. The tendency of acts to bring harm or benefit was to be judged, for the most part, according to the wisdom of past ages, but within a reasonably short time-scale. But simple Utilitarianism is difficult, if not impossible to apply when we are concerned with such new phenomena as the development of nuclear power. The consequences are widespread, and may be unforeseeably deferred. Bentham, who had great faith in the possibility of weighing pleasures against pains, would have been daunted by the calculations involved in such a case; and Keynes, who developed his theory of probability in order to make consequentialist moral theory more accurately applicable, would not have been able to assess the probabilities of accident or the dangerous accumulation of wastes.

Most moral judgments are made within a moral tradition. But we have no tradition, and only an inadequate vocabulary, to help us make decisions about the environment hundreds of years hence. Much of our moral vocabulary is

designed to express personal responsibility, personal shame or guilt. We are not able clearly to discuss what ought or ought not to be, in cases so remote from ourselves and our contemporaries. Duty or dereliction of duty seems to have no sense in such a context. If we now make a bad decision about the build-up of nuclear power, or the disposal of nuclear waste, the effects may be harmful only to people we shall never know and whom we find it hard to imagine, since they do not yet exist.

Some philosophers, notably Derek Parfit, have argued that in order to achieve such extended vision we need to reform our idea of the self, with its dependent idea of self-interest. Even the greatest philanthropists of the past have been for the most part bounded by their concept of themselves: their name will be perpetuated, on institution will be founded in which they would take an interest if they were still alive, and with which their descendants may be connected. If we could begin to think of ourselves less as single separate individuals, belonging in a particular time and place, connected to the future, if at all, through our own children and grandchildren, and could think of a looser and more general continuity between ourselves and the world, then perhaps we might gradually come to take more naturally to the responsibility we have for the future environment. There is much to be said for such an argument. But self-interest and tunnel-vision are not easily eliminated; nor is our idea of the individual self wholly to be deplored. It is in any case deeply entrenched in our thought and language.

I believe we have a lesser task, more capable of fulfillment. We must educate our policymakers. We must teach them to be open and honest in the discussion of our nuclear future; and we must make it clear that we will respect them only if they are seen to be looking further ahead than next week, or the next election. The decisions we are faced with are decisions of value, and about these we will not be content simply to follow our leaders. Policymakers have got to face the psychological factors involved in the use or abandonment of nuclear power. They cannot ignore the fears that we have. What we ask is information, in the light of which we may properly assess whether these fears are justified. Only so can we begin to plan rationally for the future of the species.

## Chestnut stuffing

Roy Jenkins

PAUL JOHNSON (Editor)  
The Oxford Book of Political Anecdotes  
270pp. Oxford University Press. £10.95.  
019214121 X

The Oxford Book of Political Anecdotes is a well-edited book, about the purpose of which I am, however, unclear. Anecdotes are essentially a verbal rather than a written art-form. This indeed springs from the origin of the word, which leads to the second definition given by the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*: "Unpublished details of history." (The first definition—"narrative of detached incident"—is wide-ranging but vague.) A published collection of them is, therefore, in the strict sense a contradiction in terms, although one which the Oxford University Press has persuaded previous editors successfully to make.

What is more to the point is that while anecdotes, probably best told with a certain freedom of recollection which elevates plith over

truth, can illuminate conversation, they make for scrappy and unbalanced reading. Is the primary object to provide a work of reference, almost as if it were a book of jokes for fairly sophisticated after-dinner speakers? If so, then rich though it is in old chestnuts, particularly of the last hundred years, this book must be faulted for incompleteness. Where, for instance, is the story of Curzon and the omnibus conductor who declined to take him to Carlton House Terrace, or of Baldwin and the chance Harrovian travelling companion who (c 1926) asked him "What are you doing now?"

If, on the other hand, it is intended to be the editor's own commonplace book, with passages often more macabre and dramatic than famous or funny, which is what it mostly is up to 1750, that is another matter. It then has to be judged as a work for reading rather than for reference. And here we come up against the limitations of the genre. The passages are mostly too short for a bedtime essay and too long for committing to memory as an aphorism.

Perhaps this is rather churlish. The concep-

## Heart under the choler

Frederic Raphael

AUBERON WAUGH  
Another Voice: An alternative anatomy of Britain  
221pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £9.95.  
094775271 4

Another Voice is subtitled an alternative anatomy of Britain—an allusion, presumably, to Anthony Simpson's now venerable dissection of the musculature, and ossification, of the body politic. Auberon Waugh is a ruder surgeon than his unsmiling predecessor: he puts the boot in along with the knife. Aesthetics are not on offer. If the victims of Waugh's scalpel—Trade Unionists, Jimmy Goldsmith, Shirley Williams, Cardinal Hume—can expect no mercy, everyone else in the operating theatre is in for a bloody good time. This surgeon not only cuts and thrusts, he keeps up a succession of jokes and jibes (some borrowed, some blue) with entertaining shamelessness. How his admirers do fall about! Yet under the choleric carapace, you can be sure, there beats a twenty-one-carat heart.

In fact, of course, *Another Voice* is not flesh-and-blood but scissors-and-paste. It is all *papier-mâché*, fashioned from columns (mostly in the *Spectator*) not yet cannibalized for other compilations by publishers eager to recycle Waugh's output in durable form. A week is a long time in journalism, but a compendium of weeks, if it is borne in upon us, can approximate to an eternity. Conscious that even dedicated fans may weaken at the prospect of so much unrelieved hilarity laid end to end, without even a day or two's breather in-between, Waugh offers an introduction midway between an apology and a catalogue *raisonnée*. With its help, you can take your plate to his buffet and heap it with your choice of reheated diaphs. In a passage of typically savage and vituperative force, the lazy race of reviewers is advised on method: skim the intro and a few pieces, chosen for adulation (unless you want to be haunted by old gags, ink-pellets and honest assessments of your fiction for the rest of your life) or for vilification (if you seriously insist on being called ugly and smelly and a lesbian *Sunday Times* contributor), and then knock out the commissioned wordage. Those guileless enough to act on this hugely inventive and boundlessly satirical advice will have reckoned without the author's characteristic genius: their superficiality will be exposed by an inability to detail the misprints so cunningly left on these highly hilarious pages. While remaining philosophical about the ones I missed, I am able to point out enough errors to show that I have done my blodding stuff.

The evident difficulty about remaining choleric and foremost on a weekly basis is that it becomes hard to distinguish between genuine indignation (of the kind that gave J. K. Rowling her hexametric fame) and oh-dear-heres-have-to-go-again-to-tetchiness of the kind that leads the heavily employed Mr Waugh to call the popular press for outrageous stupidity.

(an alternative hobby, one might think, to shooting fish in a barrel) in order that he may come the toff at them. When properly provoked, he can be matchlessly trenchant indeed:

Perhaps Prince Philip sincerely believes that everybody except himself and other members of the Royal Family should be equal. It is a position which others have held before him. God is widely thought to take the same view of the human race, but God is somewhat less vulnerable to public opinion. The middle classes decide what public opinion is to be, and the middle classes will ultimately decide whether or not the Government needs an alternative opposition in Buckingham Palace.

Whether or not this prompts instant comparison with Jonathan Swift (as Mr Waugh's cringing blurbist suggests) must be left to the seblars and pollsters, but it is certainly good enough to remind us why those who like their author fresh may be gulled into acquiring him *confit*. A sullen purist with some obscure grudge might, however, point out that satire, if that is really what all this stuff is, depends above all on sureness of touch. It is not enough to be rude or vituperative, even if Shirley Williams's tolerant expense, unless you can do it stylishly. Your jokes should, if possible, be your own, and new, rather than saved up from prep school. Is anyone very, very amused by the speculation that an anonymous, supposedly typical British family may really be called "Galtieri or Cvink, Finkelstein or Pissupski"?

Waugh is a famous columnist, having renounced fiction not because he wasn't very, very good at it but because he couldn't make a living from it. His self-imposed treadmill life is something he endures, like his disabilities, with admirable pliancy, but it really should not have led him to cheat someone he admires as much as the peasant Mathilde, whose price for a crocheted bedspread he persuaded her to cut in half for reasons which apparently have something to do with Catholicism. It is not clear to a heathen mind why *un coeur simple* should be rewarded at pre-1914 prices, even in so backward a region as the Aude, where the Waughs have a *résidence secondaire* to which they retreat when Somerset is clogged with toilers, vinegar-flavoured crisps and caravans.

The columnist's life is full of hazards, not all hilarious. Coming back from holiday, Waugh once announced a letter in which he dedicated reader announced that she was about to commit suicide. The lapse of days meant that it was almost certain that the lady was beyond (or already discovering) salvation, but Mr Waugh wrote her a charming letter as well as a column declaring its contents. As a result, fat, ugly, stitch-dropping people accused him of cruel indifference to a woman for whom he showed indeed tender solicitude. A tetchy twit, with affectations of gentlemanliness, might take the view that it was rather cheap (a) to dictate the lovely letter, (b) to keep a carbon of it, so as to be able to use it as a column-filler and (c) to use the expression "Best wishes" as well as "Yours sincerely". But such is the ill-concealed coddleness of the author that one cannot resist giving him an opportunity for further displays of overpaid idage.

may have its faults, but the execution is excellent. Paul Johnson, irascible and unpredictable an ideologue though he often appears, is a fine scholar, whose command of the dramatic personae of at least the past 300 years of English politics is exceptional. He provides a fast-moving and entertaining introduction, and he edits with knowledge and discrimination.

The richly anecdotal figures, from Wellington to Disraeli to Curzon to Churchill, are of course well served, although it is surprising that Johnson produces nothing from or about Canning (even omitting him from the index), who put at least four phrases into the English language, except for an account of how he could dictate two memoranda at once. Balfour is also treated surprisingly jejune. Campbell-Bannerman, on the other hand, is given much more generous space, and with justification. "Haldane always prefers the backstairs. But it does not matter. The clatter can be heard all over the house", is a very good comment on that distinguished but somewhat flat-footed philosopher statesman, to whom C. B. mostly referred us "Schopenhauer".

Stories of wrong or confused recognition among the notable are nearly always snuffily risible. Apart from the Baldwin one, Johnson omits the occasion when an old Irish peer, Lord Purcellington, said to Queen Victoria quite late in her reign: "I remember your face well, but I have forgotten your name." He does, however, include the rather too coddled one of the Duke of Wellington's lack of enthusiasm for being confused with Mr George Jones, the portrait painter, as well as the lesser-known one about King Edward VII, the 3rd Marquess of Salisbury and General Sir Redvers Buller. At Salisbury's last audience as Prime Minister, the King presented him with a signed photograph of himself. Salisbury looked at it mystified for some time and then said "Poor Buller".

Almost in this category is the account from Rab Butler via Harold Nicolson's *Diaries* of Churchill at his fortnightly Savoy Hotel lun-

cheon for his Shadow Cabinet saying: "The old man is very good to me. I could not have managed this [Korean] situation had I been in Attlee's place. I should have been called a wimp-monger." "What old man?" asked David Maxwell Fyfe innocently. "God, Sir Donald", replied Winston. It seems he always called David "Sir Donald". Poor Fyfe seems to have been more unfortunate than "Poor Buller", who merely lost the Battle of Colenso and was replaced as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa by Lord Roberts. To be consistently called "Sir" and "Donald" by Churchill must have been even worse than having the Wool-sack snatched away from him by Harold Macmillan, even if it was to give it to Lord Dilhorne.

Towards the end, one or two of Johnson's prejudices show through. They stem, however, more from his old personal predilections than from his new ideology. Both Aneurin Bevan and Anthony Crosland were unwilling as ministers (and when not) to wear formal clothes, although in Crosland's case it took the odd form of being prepared to wear a dinner jacket, but only if a white tie were stipulated. No doubt that Privy Counsellors still worn court dress in his day he would have been prepared to wear a morning coat when, but only when, knee-breeches were called for. Bevan and Crosland, although without much else in common, had similar motives on this rather boring issue: a mixture of a childish desire to shock and a sense of being superior to such bourgeois snobles. But the approach comes Bevan an anecdote in which he appears as an endearing and eccentric aristocrat, a sort of Lord Hartington of the Left, whereas Crosland is portrayed as an insensitive boor.

This is unfair, but it is also untypical. Paul Johnson in this anthology is interested in drama, wit and style, but not much in partisanship. Mrs Thatcher does not even get a mention. Nor as a matter of fact does Mr Heath, although Lord Wilson and Mr Callaghan get in elliptically.

"One of the most valuable studies of the formulation of the Vietnam policy during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations."  
—Stanley Karnow, in *Vietnam: A History*

## The U.S. Government and the Vietnam War

### Executive and Legislative Roles and Relationships

PART I  
1945-1960

PART II  
1961-1964

WILLIAM CONRAD GIBBONS

New prefaces by the author

Beginning with these two volumes, Princeton University Press will publish all four parts of *The U.S. Government and the Vietnam War*. This searching analysis of what has been called "America's longest war" was commissioned by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to achieve an improved understanding of American participation in the conflict. In rich detail it describes the policy-making roles of Congress, the Executive, and the Foreign Relations Committee itself, and examines the attitudes and assumptions that led to U.S. intervention. The volumes will be invaluable research tools. Written in accessible style, they provide a wealth of information about a period that culminated in the alienation of many citizens and the gradual destruction of consensus on U.S. foreign policy.

"No serious scholar or teacher or journalist should work on the Vietnam War in the future without consulting this work closely."  
—Walter LaFeber, Cornell University

Part I — P: \$8.95. C: \$30.00  
Part II — P: \$9.95. C: \$34.00  
Two-Volume Paperback Set: \$14.95

Prices are in U.S. dollars

Order from your local bookseller or from  
Princeton University Press  
15A Epsom Road, Guildford Surrey GU1 3JT

A new edition of the classic introduction to American literature from Bradstreet to Bellamy...

**THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES**

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

"A very good book indeed!"  
—D.W. Bragan in the *Guardian*

02.2514 5 £5.95

New Edition



# Translating the world

## Gabriel Josipovici

**YEHUDA AMICHAI**  
*The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai*  
 Edited and translated by Channa Bloch and Stephen Mitchell.  
 173pp. Viking. £12.95.  
 0670814547  
*Travels: A bilingual edition*  
 Translated by Ruth Nevo  
 Unnumbered pages. The Sheep Meadow Press, 5247 Independence Avenue, Riverdale on Hudson, NY 10471. \$9.95.  
 0935296638  
**WARREN BARGAD and STANLEY F. CHYET**  
 (Editors)  
*Israeli Poetry: A contemporary anthology*  
 273pp. Indiana University Press. \$29.95.  
 0253331404

Amir Gilboa died in September 1984; Dan Pagis died earlier this summer. Thus the first generation of Israeli poets is starting to enter the mists of history. Both men, like Yehuda Amichai, were born in Europe and Hebrew was not their mother tongue. As with a novelist like Aharon Appelfeld, the fact that they are European Jews first and Israelis second, allied to the fact that the dreadful history of Europe and the Middle East in their lifetimes has forced them continually to ponder their relations to both Judaism and the State of Israel, makes them unique. There will no doubt be good Jewish writers and good Israeli writers in times to come, but perhaps never again this potent combination.

Amichai was born in Würzburg, Bavaria, in 1924, and came to Palestine with his parents in 1936. He fought with the British in the Middle East during the Second World War and then in the War of Independence and Israel's subsequent wars. Today, when he is not reading his poetry in Britain or America or elsewhere in the world – for he is a wonderful reader and much in demand – he lives in Jerusalem with his family. Here is how he once put it:

I am sitting here now with my father's eyes, and with my mother's greying hair on my head, in a house that belonged to an Arab who bought it from an Englishman who took it from a German who hewed it from the stones of Jerusalem, my city: I look upon God's world of others who received it from others. I am composed of many things I have been collected many times I am constructed of spare parts of decomposing materials of disintegrating words. And already in the middle of my life, I begin, gradually, to return them, for I wish to be a decent and orderly person when I'm asked at the border, "Have you anything to declare?"

so that there won't be too much pressure at the end so that I won't arrive sweating and breathless and confused so that I won't have anything left to declare. The red stars are my heart, the Milky Way its blood, my blood. The hot khamshin breathes in huge lungs, my life pulses close to a huge heart, always within. (Translated by Ruth Nevo)

## SHEPPARD'S BOOK DEALERS IN THE BRITISH ISLES 1987

A Directory of Antiquarian and Secondhand Book Dealers in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

This long-established directory has been fully revised to include many new entries plus alphabetical and specially indexed for convenience. Now published annually, and in a larger format, it is an invaluable guide for anyone wishing to make contacts in the antiquarian and secondhand book trade.

12th Edition 30th October, 1986 £18 (UK)  
 ISBN 0 849853 24 0

**EUROPA PUBLICATIONS LIMITED**  
 18 Bedford Square,  
 London, WC1B 3JN  
 Tel: 01-888 8298. (0501)

To talk, as people often do in relation to Amichai's poetry, about the speaking voice, is not enough. He has his share of striking opening lines, but the main characteristic of the verse is its apparent effortlessness. But that is the miracle – that it exists at all, without any of the usual props of poetry.

There is a refrain of sorts, of course, as in much of his poetry, but it is really no more than the speaker half-repeating a phrase in order to keep a hold on what he is trying to say. What lends it its surprising authority, I think, is the way the ethical and the aesthetic reinforce each other. Nearly all the poems are in the first person and nearly all of them are in some way autobiographical, yet what the "I" asserts is that it is not a solid entity, that it is made up of others, of parents, of ancestors, of the words of tradition, and that soon it will return to them. It is as though the long journey taken by Eliot from the violent rejection of the self in *Praeface* to the quiet acceptance of self in *Burnt Norton* was something that Amichai had never needed to go through: what Eliot had to learn so painfully was there, self-evident, from the start.

Nor is there any sense of a painful renunciation as there is in so much Christian poetry. The very flatness of "for I wish to be a decent and orderly person" makes it impossible for us to tell whether the speaker imagines that wish is being fulfilled or not. What happens between the impulse to speak and the utterance of such a remark? Amichai is fond of this kind of effect. In a superb poem, sadly not included in any of the books under review, he speaks of the act of writing poetry as being an act of translation, not invention: "Quietly we will transfer words from man to man, / from one tongue to other lips, / and not knowingly, like a father / who transfers the features of his dead father's face to his son / and himself doesn't look like either." The refrain is "we must not get excited", because excitement will get in the way of clarity and honesty, will do harm to the translator's job, which is concerned with truth and accuracy, not emotion or the celebration of individual worth. Yet how much emotion is there in that repeated "we must not get excited"? How much of an injunction is it to himself rather than to others?

For the poet as translator of the world there are words for everything and everything is in need of translation. The only injunction is to be accurate, not to get excited. That is why Amichai has produced so much – nine volumes of poetry, a novel, radio plays – and why some of the poems fall flat and read more like notes. But it is ethically and aesthetically important for him that we realize that speech is a gift and that part of what it means to be human is to be a creature which makes objects to relieve its feelings, objects which are allegory and celebration at the same time. Anything and everything can be a trigger for such artefacts:

I found an old textbook of animals, Brehm, second volume, birds: Description, in sweet language, of the lives of crows, swallows and jays. A lot of mistakes in Gothic printing, but a lot of love. "Our feathered friends", "emigrate to warmer countries", "nest, dotted egg, soft plumage, the nightingale", "prophets of spring", "The Red-Breasted Robin".

Year of printing 1913, Germany on the eve of the war which became the eve of all my wars.

My good friend, who died in my arms and in his blood in the sands of Ashdod, 1948, in June.

Oh, my friend, red-breasted.

(Translated by Amichai)

What happens in this poem happens at some distance from the words. The words dramatize for us the speaker leaving through the book, and then the sudden shock of memory. But the words manage both to celebrate the book ("In sweet language") and to make of the sudden memory of his dead friend something more than mere pain, without in any way masking the pain. How much gets said, about our century, about human beings, how simply and how briefly.

Like much post-war East European poetry, Amichai's is poetry which can travel. Because it is so simple in diction and syntax, gaining its richness from the juxtaposition of phrases and



"Man in Old Age Home, Jerusalem, 1976". From "Being Seen", a photo-essay by Rodney Smith in ORIM: A Jewish journal at Yale, Volume 1, No 1, Autumn 1985 (ORIM, Box 1904A, Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520, USA).

Images rather than from their density or complexity, it does not pose problems for the translator in the way that the poetry of Rilke or Shostakovich or Eliot does. And indeed what work of his has appeared in English until now has never read like translation. Two collections, *Time* and *Amen*, have been published by Oxford University Press, translated by Amichai himself with help from Ted Hughes, and Ruth Nevo brought out in 1977 a translation of the long poem. *Travels*, now reprinted by the Sheep Meadow Press of New York with the original Hebrew on facing pages. But both the Viking selection and the twenty-page selection in Warren Bargad and Stanley Chyet's anthology, *Israeli Poetry*, reveal how very delicate is the task of translating such poetry, and they do so, sad to say, because they so often fail (the Indiana volume does much better with Pagis, where the translations are often brilliant).

A couple of examples will show what I mean. Here are a few lines in the *Travels* devoted to Bialik, the founding father of modern Hebrew poetry:

Bialik, bald knight among olive trees, wrote no poems in the land of Israel, for he kissed the earth and chased away flies and mosquitoes with his writing hand, and wiped sweat from his vermillion brain and in the khamshin placed on his forehead a handkerchief from the Diaspora.

This is Ruth Nevo. Stephen Mitchell, in the Viking volume, is more literal: he sticks to Amichai's five lines, and translates "hands" not "hand" in the fourth line, but his version reads like a translation:

Bialik, a bald knight among olive trees, didn't write poems in the land of Israel, because he kissed the ground and shooed flies and mosquitoes with his writing hands and wiped sweat from his rhyming brain and in the khamshin put over his head a handkerchief from the Diaspora.

One of Amichai's finest poems, his "Circus Animals' Deception", tells how a man who has been away from his country for a long time gets to speak more and more precisely, but this precision is "like precise clouds of summer / on their blue background", which will never turn into rain, or like those who were once lovers and go on mouthing the words of love though the feeling has long gone. The last verse reads, in Amichai's own translation:

But I, who have stayed here, dirty my mouth and my lips and my tongue. In my words there is garbage of soil and refuse of lust and dust and sweat. Even the water I drink in this dry land, between Jerusalem and memories of love, is urine recycled back to me through complicated circuits.

The final image is marvellous, more resonant even than Yeats, just because it is so down-to-earth, so very precise. Channa Bloch, who translates the poem in the Viking selection, completely ruins it:

In this dry land even the water I drink...

is urine, recycled back to me by a twisted route.

Nor have the translators been helped by their publisher's decision to cram the poems on to the page so that they are given no chance to breathe. *Travels* takes up just twenty-six pages of the Viking volume to the sixty-six pages of English in the Sheep Meadow Press edition (sixty pages in the Webster Review/Menard Press edition of 1977, which prints only Nevo's English). The Oxford volumes never have more than one poem per page, which is how a poet should be presented; the Viking volume runs the poems into each other with hardly a break.

Moreover, despite his simplicity of diction and syntax, Amichai is a richly allusive poet, full of glancing, ironic references to the Bible and the Hebrew classics. We must remember that a Hebrew writer's relation to the Bible, and his expectations of his audience's relation to it, are much closer to those of an English poet of the seventeenth century than of the twentieth. It's not just that everybody knows the Bible; it is that their relation to it is one of friendly intimacy. Thus David Avidan, an Israeli-born poet, can write: "The seven / Fat cows asked / The seven lean cows: How, / Really, how do you manage / To keep so trim?" Amichai is never so simple. In the opening stanza of "A Sort of Apocalypse" he takes the famous biblical phrase which represents peace and contentment, "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid", and turns it inside out: "The man under his fig tree telephoned the man under his vine: / 'Tonight they will surely come. / A storm the leaves, / Lock up the tree, / Call home the dead and be prepared'."

Again, in the *Jerusalem 1967* sequence he refers to a famous line of Yehuda Ha-Levi, "My heart is in the East and I am at the Edge of the West" (did Donne know the poem?), and then goes on to play with his own name, the Viking poet's, and the Judean desert. The Viking volume translates this as "the walling that I heard inside me / has always been from my Yehudean desert", which makes little sense and is not glossed. Here surely was a chance to annotate each poem quite fully; instead, there are three pages of notes (there is nothing on the vine and the fig-tree), and these come without page references, which makes them awkward to use.

I would recommend that anyone interested in Amichai get hold of *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself*, edited by Stanley Burnshaw and published by Schocken Books, or even Carmi's *Penguin Book of Hebrew Verse*, and follow through the translations and commentaries provided there. I would also hope that Amichai might be better served the next time a publisher decides to bring out a selection of his poems in English. He is one of our great poets, and a very accessible one. Meanwhile, they are his own translations and Ruth Nevo's to be going on with, and the poet himself is often in this country, reading in both Hebrew and English. Once one has heard his quiet, even tones, precise, distanced and passionate, one can never forget them.

# Basil Blackwell

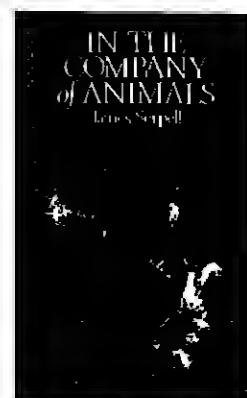
## NEW BOOKS

### GENERAL

#### In the Company of Animals

A Study of Human-Animal Relationships  
**JAMES SERPELL**

"You will find it hard to dispute the facts in this ringing and valuable book. *The Observer*  
 228 pages, illustrated. £14.95  
 (0 631 14536 2)



#### Trotsky DAVID KING

Text by James Ryan, Introduction by Tamara Deutscher  
 David King's remarkable collection of over 400 photographs, compiled with James Ryan's parallel text trace the life of the world's most brilliant 'permanent revolutionary'.  
 336 pages, £19.50 (0 631 14689 9)

#### Rape Edited by SYLVANA TOMASELLI and ROY PORTER

This controversial collection aims to increase our understanding of rape by subjecting it to scrutiny from many different viewpoints, ranging from evolutionary biology to rape in art and history.  
 304 pages, illustrated, £17.50 (0 631 13748 3)

### HISTORY

#### The Later Roman Empire A Social, Economic and Administrative Survey A. H. M. JONES

"Comprehensive, exact and magisterial" *Pan and Prazni*  
 This classic work is once again available, and is published for the first time in paperback.  
 1560 pages, two volumes, hardback £95.00 (0 631 15250 4)  
 paperback £25.00 (0 631 14965 5)

#### Anglo-Norman England 1066-1166 MARJORIE CHIBNALL

"A concise conspectus which makes twenty years of historical research both accessible and intelligible to the general reader. Students, too, will seize upon it gleefully." *Time Literary Supplement*  
 248 pages, £19.50 (0 631 13234 1)

#### The Reformation in Historical Thought A. G. DICKENS and J. M. TONKIN

Vast in scope, this volume covers the whole field of historical writing on the Reformation, from Luther to the present.  
 456 pages, £35.00 (0 631 14616 4)

#### Reassessing the Henrician Age Humanism, Politics and Reform 1500-1550 ALISTAIR FOX and JOHN GUY

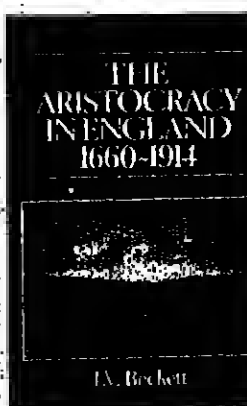
This book provides evidence of the further reassessment that has occurred since Sir Geoffrey Elton began to revise received notions concerning this period of ferment and change, some thirty years ago.  
 256 pages, £22.50 (0 631 14614 8)

#### Politics and People in Revolutionary England Edited by COLIN JONES, MALYN NEWITT and STEPHEN K. ROBERTS

Many of the most eminent specialists on the period examine the context, causes and consequences of the turbulent decades that some have called the 'English Revolution'.  
 336 pages, £27.50 (0 631 14613 0)

#### The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914 J. V. BECKETT

This magisterial work traces the role, identity, function and significance of the aristocracy; analysing its growth and finally its decline as a centre of political power.  
 528 pages, £22.50 (0 631 13391 7)



#### The World We Have Gained Edited by LLOYD BONFIELD, RICHARD SMITH and KEITH WRIGHTSON

The 15 essays gathered here are by some of those authors associated with the period of English historiography which followed *The World We Have Lost*. They are of a very high standard.  
 332 pages, £29.50 (0 631 13871 4)

### GEOGRAPHY

#### The Dictionary of Human Geography Second Edition Edited by R. J. JOHNSTON, DEREK GREGORY and DAVID SMITH

"This is a remarkably valuable and important publication... a truly stunning achievement, a quasi-encyclopaedia that totally eclipses all previous glossaries." *Journal of Historical Geography*  
 592 pages, hardback £25.00 (0 631 14655 5)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 14656 3)

#### On Human Geography R. J. JOHNSTON

One of the most widely respected practitioners of human geography presents a personal and stimulating perspective on the state of the subject, and considers its future.  
 224 pages, £18.00 (0 631 14023 9)

### ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY THEORY

#### The Dictionary of Classical Mythology PIERRE GRIMAL

"This substantial and attractive book should be warmly welcomed... it is a work of once authoritative and complete... it will indeed be a learned reader who does not find something he did not previously know on almost every page." *Times Literary Supplement*  
 624 pages, £22.50 (0 631 13209 0)

#### Geoffrey Chaucer STEPHEN KNIGHT

Stephen Knight's rereading of Chaucer suggests that the power and authority of his historical imagination can be newly assessed in the light of modern studies of the role of culture in society.  
 Rereading Literature  
 192 pages, hardback £15.00 (0 631 13881 1)  
 paperback £8.50 (0 631 13882 3)

#### The Rise of the Woman Novelist From Aphra Behn to Jane Austen JANE SPENCER

"A clearheaded and thoughtful account of woman novelists up to and including Jane Austen... Spencer's readings of the novels selected are astute and intelligent." *Times Higher Education Supplement*  
 240 pages, hardback £25.00 (0 631 13915 3)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 13916 8)

#### Feminist Literary Theory A Reader Edited by MARY EAGLETON

Including over sixty extracts by writers from Virginia Woolf to the present day, this is the first reader in feminist literary theory to be published in England.  
 248 pages, hardback £22.50 (0 631 14804 3)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 14805 1)

#### The Kristeva Reader Edited by TORIL MOI

The first fully comprehensive, easily accessible introduction to the work in English of Julia Kristeva, one of Europe's most brilliant and original theorists.  
 336 pages, hardback £25.00 (0 631 14929 5)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 14931 7)

#### Marxism and Literary History JOHN FROW

"A valuable book, which certainly ought to be studied by Marxists interested in the stance to take towards post-structuralism and by theorists of other persuasions." *Jonathan Culler*  
 360 pages, £19.50 (0 631 14863 9)

### LINGUISTICS

#### Pidgin and Creole Linguistics PETER MÜHLHÄUSLER

Both an up-to-date account of the field of pidgin and creole studies, and a detailed examination of the dynamic character of these languages.  
 336 pages, hardback £29.50 (0 631 13573 1)  
 paperback £12.50 (0 631 13574 0)

#### Dialects in Contact PETER TRUDGILL

Peter Trudgill observes and accounts for the influence mutually intelligible dialects of a language have on one another when they come into contact.  
 184 pages, hardback £22.50 (0 631 12691 0)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 12733 3)

## Basil Blackwell

108 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1JF

Suite 1503, 432 Park Avenue South, New York NY 10016

### PHILOSOPHY

#### David Hume Philosopher of Moral Science ANTHONY FLEW

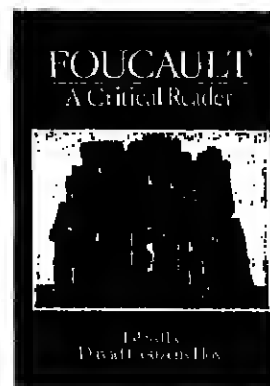
Anthony Flew sets Hume's philosophy in the context of his life's work in the study of the 'moral subject' and examines the relationship between his thought and that of Descartes.  
 200 pages, hardback £22.50 (0 631 13735 1)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 15185 8)

#### Descartes JOHN COTTINGHAM

The author places Descartes' ideas in their historical context while relating them to a network of philosophical problems that are still vigorously debated today.  
 184 pages, hardback £22.50 (0 631 13787 4)  
 paperback £7.50 (0 631 15046 3)

#### Foucault: A Critical Reader Edited by DAVID COUZENS HOY

The distinguished contributors to this volume examine and interpret Foucault's texts to give a complete picture of his importance as a thinker and social critic.  
 256 pages, hardback £27.50 (0 631 14012 5)  
 paperback £8.50 (0 631 14043 3)



#### Ethics and Defence Power and Responsibility in the Nuclear Age Edited by HOWARD DAVIS

Members of a study group of the Church of Scotland's Society, Religion and Technology Project examine the ethical dimensions of current defence policy.  
 304 pages, hardback £22.50 (0 631 15174 5)  
 paperback £7.95 (0 631 15175 3)

### POLITICS

#### States in History Edited by JOHN A. HALL

This collection contrasts with much recent work on the state, which has been abstract and theoretical, by confronting classical questions of state theory with the historical record.  
 320 pages, £25.00 (0 631 14365 3)

#### Emancipation and Consciousness Dogmatic and Dialectical Perspectives in the Early Marx ERICA SHEROVER-MARCUSE

"An extraordinarily lucid, accessibly organized and well-argued work." *Jürgen Habermas*  
 224 pages, £25.00 (0 631 14101 4)

### PSYCHOLOGY

#### Psychology: Designing the Discipline JOSEPH MARGOLIS, ROM HARRÉ, PAUL SECORD and PETER MANICAS

Four distinguished psychologists and philosophers set out a manifesto for a psychology which comprehends both the physical basis and cultural component of human behaviour.  
 192 pages, £19.50 (0 631 14998 8)

#### The Social Construction of Emotions Edited by ROM HARRÉ

This book provides a unified account of the various and complex factors involved in the construction of our emotions.  
 328 pages, £22.50 (0 631 15199 0)

### THEOLOGY

#### The Mysteries of Religion STEPHEN R. L. CLARK

The author considers religious practice and expression in a number of contexts, from sacred texts to rites of passage, and from the British Israel movement to Aztec devil-worship.  
 Philosophical Introductions  
 288 pages, hardback £25.00 (0 631 13419 0)  
 paperback £8.50 (0 631 14295 9)

#### Theology and the Problem of Evil KENNETH SURIN

Kenneth Surin examines the way in which key thinkers in different ages have attempted to reconcile the presence of evil in the world with the notion of a morally perfect God.  
 Stigmata in Theology  
 192 pages, hardback £19.50 (0 631 14664 4)  
 paperback £6.95 (0 631 14664 4)

John Co 116



# Unpublished poems by William Empson

## Song of the amateur psychologist

It is a deep-rooted  
far stirring in strong shadow kingdoms  
and ripens among  
the slow rustle  
of that midnight orchard  
whose woven branches are  
soft, plump or stretching, are too small  
to dream of, myriad,  
intercellular;  
in timid contact  
of whose slow rhythmic fingers  
are woven the proud worlds.

Cathedral caverns  
in not glinting limestone  
water there changing always  
the fretted hollow curves;  
high vaulted arches  
of the uncharted cellars,  
and, it is a discovery,  
two large for a short stride  
on steep, there pass  
downwards beneath them  
these narrow and stone stairs.

But now rest yourself a moment, and lean  
on the great pillars, feel  
how in darkness they hum softly  
holding the lit palace  
and hearing riot in the halla.  
Men come here often  
with lanterns carefully,  
looking over their shoulders  
and feeling it something of an expedition  
to choose just the one vintage  
that is called for.  
Also on great occasions  
they unbrick old archways  
and there lie guarded  
the rich tawny  
secret potions,  
they that were buried  
in an autumn  
long past; are ruby,  
are precious, aged  
now, potent, secure.

Strike a light before we go on;  
we need, rather, the sane assurance  
and yellow courage of your candle.  
Guard him well however do not let him  
peer from your fist too rashly at the groining  
there is a strong and cold wind up the stairs.

Let us descend now  
but carefully, they are high steps  
and steep, for walking.  
After a dozen of them  
there is an even darkness  
that has waited so long  
it is not a light (being to disturb,  
and they go on down  
beyond that, it is not easy  
to imagine what we might see  
if we were holding a light house in our hands.  
Might there not be—might there not—  
the unhealed  
the insane perspective  
the no end  
and your cry recoiling—

ah, I can quite imagine you saying it, with an air of apocalyptic  
and desperate capability, sincerity, security almost—

"The low roof goes  
down, the stairs  
arriving proudly  
at no final pinpoint  
go straight down  
only, down always."

\* Brainsell Pseudopodia [Empson].

[1926]

*Empson's first recorded poem, written by June 29,  
1920, aged 13; text taken from the autograph book of  
a school contemporary, J. A. Simson.*

Mother, saying Anne good night,  
Feared the dark would cause her fright.  
"Four angels guard you," low she said,  
"One at the foot and one at the head—"

"Mother—quick—the pillow!—There!!!  
Missed that angel, skimmed his hair.  
Never mind, we'll get the next.  
Ooh! but angels make me vexed!!"

Mother, shocked, gasped feebly "Anne!!!"  
(A pillow disabled the water-can).  
Said Anne, "I won't have things in white  
Chant prayers about my bed all night."

Not but they die, the terrors and the dreams,  
Not but they die. In the long run the sane man  
Comes out best. He is dead too. The themes

Of despair and triumph so far always outran  
Rumination in writing. The short view  
Could be so long it saw where it began.

But what reflections are a much gain to you.  
Not to imagine is a thing to claim.  
Remember what you once wanted to do

And will want to have done when the time came,  
Then you need seldom feel and short sight  
Is the magnifying glass able for the flame.

## Address to a tennis-player

Gracious are you still unaltered, halted, untired no larger, Peter, still lively competent  
"So long" and so long after, laughter and after all no, thou art Peter, upon this rock I  
build.

(Oh petering out no, unaltered but very rocky, very trying, flying the Blue Peter,  
beaten why, on the rocks, crying, an old crock, creaking up breaking up, even trying  
making up, oh never mind, a mind made up.)

Peter Paa, Scarborough Rock. I crack up Peter.

Unbeaten, beaten gold, a gold repeater, unhand me, minute hand, cold clock that  
rocks the cradle, lifeline crack rocket racquet, planned stand caught first-court grand  
stand, unbeaten, racks the world. Knock, it stays unaltered, all rock, sweeter to say Paul  
meeter to run amok, to shock St Paul's dean and chapeetre, sheet attraction,  
oss-issatisfaction, petri- or putri, Peter a better faction, knock knock it shall remain  
unlocked, third not the clock stopped, rocked, dropped, cock cocked amidlen promptly  
crew to grew to dears, beautied but grouted ears, pouted about his peers, boudfired  
abounded, powdered or peerless, reappears.

Bless, a rock of peat as, bares bears purr peering to his burrs, Bar star, atarring poor  
staring Peter; thus far no, burthen rock-girt, further; three-crowned, weeping, a triple  
crowing; bitter to butter, goes out, to fair well, Simple to Simon Peter; a rock for bread,  
a rock's egg for a pie. I Am That is it I Lord, give than Peter, they dare, he bears, scarlet,  
Herod's purple, not Christ's, Pall's. Speech miltre Peter, key and lock bewray thee, he  
carrying, Iscarlot, can they deny Peter, mock wearing Christopher renamed, Pie rock,  
bun spy Lord, Peter face-owner hungry, tossed Paa-cake arse-end, Peter across  
ascending, upside scream cream down, once rot, hot cross buns.

The ages change, and they impose their rules.  
It would not do much good to miss the bus.  
We must endure, and stand between two fools.

Two colonies of Europe now form schools  
Holding absolute power, both of them fatuous.  
The ages change, and they impose their rules.

One claims the State is naked between ghouls  
The other makes it total Octopus.  
We must endure, and stand between two fools.

A says No Bath not Superheated steam. B cools  
This off by Only Solid Ice. For us  
The ages change, and they impose their rules.

Both base their pride upon ill-gotten tools  
And boast their history an Exodus.  
We must endure, and stand between two fools.

There is world and time; the Fates have got large spoils;  
There need not only Europe make a fuss.  
The ages change, and they impose their rules.  
We must endure, and stand between two fools.

## Myth

Young Theseus makes a mission of his doom  
And strides from narrow to more narrow room.  
His hand, a flame on the sand powder-train,  
Hisses, well certain that the clue will find,  
And crumbles it behind,  
The Minotaur to gain.

No victim yet could the sand rope renew.  
At least he holds a secondary clue.  
He, least surprised, has this escape devised:  
Wind he the spinster's wool, his sail unfolds  
Where Ariadne holds  
Her cobweb, ill-advised.

[1929]

## Two songs from a libretto

You advise me coldly then to accept whatever  
Drifts from the casual turning of the day;  
Not to order an assured heart; never  
To look down the coherent vestige of my way;

Secure in my bars, only, to let all pass;  
Hear now my marriage, now my funeral bell;  
Sure of a safe continuance of darkness,  
Of remaining, in my heart, inviolable.

II  
Simply we do not know what are the turnings  
Expound our posing of obscure desires,  
What Minotaur in Irritable matched burnings  
Years and shall gore her intricate my fires.

Simply that no despair known of knowing  
In a continent compact continuous  
Would mine the minor rapture of her going  
Would leave me lifeless but not despicable.

Simply I shall not answer for what answer I  
She may on her return return, or helms  
Or masters the same tortured dancer.  
Simply the mechanism overwhelms.

\* Undermining, maling for metal, lesser, in minor key, under age. [Empson]

[7 October 1927]

## Letter vi. A marriage.

Rejoice where possible all lures of March  
And any diffidels not forced at this date.  
I too attempt an epithalamion  
Never to be thrust on your unwilling notice  
Still less before the public, unnoted.  
Life's not more strange than this traditional theme.

Terrified by the purity of your dry beauty  
Dry tough and fresh as the grass on chalk downs—  
The metaphor now seems stale to me only because  
It drove me younger to as empty a love—  
I have not dared mention to you even the ident  
Version of love sent neatly in typescript  
Not altered before publication  
And drowned on meeting in my interminable yattering conversation.  
My life's more weak than this traditional theme.

Envisioning however the same beauty in taxiboy  
And failing to recognize in one case  
What with drink and the infantilism of the Japanese type  
The fact that it had not yet attained puberty  
I was most rightly (because of another case  
Where the jealousy of the driver seemed the chief factor)  
—Not indeed technically, named only in vernacular newspapers,  
And who knows who knows—  
Deported from that virtuous and aesthetic country;  
Life being as strange as this traditional theme.

I remember only once having in the sight of your eyes  
Paying some attention to this bloodless series  
—One would think to the first—the grey eyes open  
Large milky lit fastened steadily on me  
Not knowing what to think of what might come next  
Supposing I was ever to stop haranguing the tea party;  
There is a social weight on the traditional theme.

It seemed to me impossible to admit that such a signal  
(Of which I was certain, which you would now certainly deny)  
So dissolving and so noble, had been even recognized,  
Still less, having sent the me to their owner out of a clownish honesty,  
To make sensual capital out of writings  
Of a sort so much lectured on  
As to be practised with decency only for clinical purposes.  
Life is allied to this traditional theme.

Nor am I sure I did not imagine a comparison  
—I was at least hushed and ashamed by those perhaps misinterpreted eyes—  
To the eyes I was to see not long after on my mother,  
Thank God not since as yet, cool, liquid, larger than possible,  
Expecting ill-treatment, inquiring, a young girl's,  
When after inducing a goodnatured virgin to seduce me  
In a morass of mutual misunderstandings, I was kicked out  
From a settled job, and hoped I had escaped from you.  
But life was as strange as this traditional theme.

One of these poems at least occurred, long after being written.  
In the next bed to you in a pub in Vienna  
I watched the moon shadow of the window upright  
Walk clear across neck and face, in perhaps half an hour,  
Continually illuminating new beauties,  
Placing in you one minute after another everything  
I know of admirable in the history of man.  
There is not much more in this traditional theme.

I as in one instant felt during that time  
By a trick with time I have known otherwise  
Only in the absurd race of an ill-designed chemistry examination  
Where the quarters struck consecutively; but that I won;  
Perhaps inversely too in the still photograph  
Of shooting a snipe, already behind me, before I knew I had tried  
—I am trying to remember triumphs—  
What else but this is the traditional theme?

Maintained one exhausting ecstasy  
Interrupted only at moments by a nuisance  
A foam of self-consciousness and delight, through which I now know that  
this occurred.

As the shadow passed to your hair, leaving only truth, I spoke.  
You woke and understood this at once. A porcine  
Expression of complacent pleasure  
Rounded with a fine clang my series  
Before you turned over and hid the face under the bedclothes.  
One could fit this into the traditional theme.

[1935]

These poems are taken from *The Royal Beasts* and other works  
by William Empson, edited by John Haffenden, to be published by Chatto  
and Windus on November 13.



# American notes

## Christopher Hitchens

In 1980, on the centenary of Albert Einstein, the Smithsonian Institution sponsored two colloquia under the general heading of "The Muses Flee Hitler". The subject was the large emigration of talent and genius from Nazi Germany to the United States, a topic that has been fairly extensively treated in studies of such varied figures as Brecht, Reich, Einstein himself and Marcuse. In the course of the preparation for the colloquia, however, an aspect of this process was touched upon which has yet to get the attention it deserves.

It seems that a significant number of these exiled savants, either because they were Jewish, or politically insound, or relatively unknown, experienced great difficulty in securing teaching posts or research positions. As a result, a substantial number of them were invited to take up residence at the segregated black colleges of the period. Gabrielle Simon Edgcomb, herself a refugee from the Berlin of the 1930s and now a poet in Washington, DC, has made it her business to unearth this fascinating period of co-optation.

Shortly before his death, the civil rights leader Julius N. Johnson gave a talk about his education and mentioned his graduate studies at Howard University, Washington's black campus, in the pre-war years. He said that his entire view of the world had been changed by the German and Austrian Jews who were attached to the faculty at that time, making a special mention of Dr Otto Nathan, the economist and lifelong friend of Albert Einstein, who had been a prominent influence. Since then, Ms Edgcomb has identified more than fifty important refugee scholars who had found sanctuary at black colleges as varied as Talladega University in Alabama, Fisk University in Memphis,

Tennessee and Lincoln University in Pennsylvania.

The story is a heartening one in many ways, and a disheartening one in others. Many of the exiles had encountered discrimination because, in the words of that weird expression of the time, they were "premature anti-fascists". Others suffered from discrimination because of their Jewishness (Ms Edgcomb has found one letter of recommendation which states reassuringly that the applicant doesn't "look" all that Semitic). But the partnership established in those years was to prove a lasting one. In a little-known message to the Urban League, a leading civil rights organization, Albert Einstein wrote in 1946:

The worst disease is the treatment of the Negro. Everyone who is not used from childhood to this injustice suffers from the mere observation. Everyone who freshly learns of this state of affairs at a mature age, feels not only the injustice, but the scorn of the principles of the Fathers who founded the United States that "all men are created equal".

In his recent review of *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the universities*, a most absorbing book by the Princeton historian Ellen W. Schrecker, C. Vann Woodward draws attention in passing to the little-known fact that it was non-denominational black colleges which very often gave shelter to persecuted and unjustly dismissed teachers in the 1950s. It would be very surprising if there did not turn out to be a connection here.

Gabrielle Edgcomb is a Fellow of the Anson Phelps Stokes Institute, which will accept tax deductible donations for this project. If there is anyone who would like to help underwrite the research (interviewing survivors, combing through the libraries) then they should write to me at 915 Massachusetts Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002. It would be such a loss if this episode did not find a chronicler, and

finds at the moment are very low.

A few years ago, visiting the Philadelphia Art Museum to see the paintings of Thomas Eakins, I was arrested at the top of the steps. Bang in the middle of the forecourt, just where you couldn't miss it on your way towards the neo-classical entrance, was a crudely cast bronze of a boxer with gloved hands clasped over his head in a victory salute. On the plinth of this item was inscribed the single word "Rocky". A sentence underneath spoke, in bronze lettering, of the way in which that great motion picture had captured the "spirit of Philadelphia and its [sic] people". It seemed astounding that this could ever have been erected on the approach to one of the finest buildings on the East Coast. I have just heard that it has been removed, and I mention the fact in order to reassure those who are worried about the cult of Sylvester Stallone. There are limits. There really are.

Readers of John Updike's *Roger's Version* may have got the impression, from the character who hopes to deduce God's existence from the laws of nuclear physics, that the anti-evolutionists are getting more polished and sophisticated. In point of fact, Dale Kohler is still untypical. Last week, a Federal court began to hear evidence in a case brought by Christian fundamentalists who want to outlaw the teaching of "humanism" in schools. And later this autumn, the Supreme Court itself will consider the constitutionality of a Louisiana law entitled "The Balanced Treatment for Creation-Science and Evolution-Science Act". Passed in 1981 and challenged by teachers and scientists, the act stipulates that children must be taught, without favouring one or the other, both evolution and creationism. As Gerald Skoog, a former president of the National Science Teachers Association, has put it, there would be as good a case for the "value-free" presentation of Ptolemaic astronomy. But nobody demands that because it does not bear on the teaching of Genesis, which is what the fundamentalist lobby cares about. Seventy-two Nobel Prize-winning scientists have filed a brief with the Supreme Court, joined by seventeen state academies of science and the American Anthropological Association. Their concern is partly for education itself, and partly based on fear that the United States would lose points in the technological race if its younger generation had to spend time fooling around with creationism.

Given that the most recent case would involve the re-writing of textbooks and curricula, there have inevitably been some solemn comparisons with the notorious Tennessee "monkey trial" of 1925, when Clarence Darrow humbled William Jennings Bryan (described imperishably by H. L. Mencken as "the idol of all morodom"). The difference is that while creationism was the rule in those days, there is

now a consensus on evolution if not on Darwinism. This allows the "creationists" to pose as a censored and excluded minority of underdogs, rather than as the losers in a long argument. By the spring we will know whether the Supreme Court is open to the argument that "secular humanism is a religion".

Late last month I answered my telephone to a lady identifying herself as Tessa Papas. "You don't know me, but my husband used to be a cartoonist - for the *Manchester Guardian*. You probably don't remember." Without pause for thought I said, "The Mouse". It was a summons back to the time of Vicky, when Bill Papas, who succeeded David Low, used to embellish the paper every day, and embellish his cartoons with an inquisitive rodent as a kind of signature. I never knew what had become of him after 1969, when he abruptly turned in the job. I'm willing to bet that a lot of readers of my age will have the same reaction.

They may be pleased to hear that Bill Papas is now living in Portland, Oregon, and is planning to become an American citizen. He has just mounted a very successful exhibition of his drawings in the Rotunda of the Russell Building in the Senate to which, after the telephone call, I took myself. *Papas' America* is a record of thousands of miles on the road, with sketches from the Amish country in Pennsylvania, the boardwalk on Venice beach at Santa Monica, the garment district of New York, the sunset district of Miami and more. Where I'm able to judge, I'd say that he has caught the scene and atmosphere very well. (My favourite: a child having a soda next to a cop in a diner. The sign on the wall says "No Profanity". Location: the highway outside Lynchburg, Virginia.)

The collection comprises 150 illustrations in colour with an accompanying text and is available in a limited edition from Papas's Studio, 1306 NW Hoyt Street, Portland, Oregon 97209. The mouse doesn't feature. I asked about it and was told that when Papas was in his ancestral Greece in the 1960s, he found that his Greek wasn't good enough to complain about the critters in his hotel room. Seizing a pencil, he drew the offender. The reception was so good that he incorporated it in what he now thinks of as his long-ago political phase.

A prize of some description should be awarded to Mr Hilton Kramer, founder and editor of the *New Criterion* and author of some muscular recent art criticism in the form of *The Revenge of the Philistines*. Deciding to launch a violent attack on Mr David Rieff for the insufficiency of his revisionism, he refers to him throughout the diatribe as a member of "the Sontag circle". The reference, which occurs in the title and *passim*, is to the celebrated Susan Sontag, who is David Rieff's mother. Mr Rieff may not have evolved fast enough for Mr Kramer (the point at issue is cultural anti-communism) but he can hardly be expected to evolve out of "the Sontag circle" without betraying the "family values" which the *New Criterion* is otherwise so staunch in upholding.

# Letters

## Václav Havel

Sir, - E. M. Forster remarked that, if he had to choose between betraying his country and betraying his friend, he hoped he would have the courage to betray his country. Ernest Gellner, in his interesting discussion of Václav Havel (October 3), rightly dismisses the remark as silly and self-righteous. He then goes on to say that "in Eastern Europe, the idea that it is better to deceive the State than to deceive a friend is a commonplace truism, not a badge of coy Enlightenment".

It is surely evident that the "commonplace truism" testified to by the experience of Eastern Europe has nothing to do with E. M. Forster's remark. To deceive the State is not necessarily to deceive one's country. The two deceptions are comparable only when the State represents the country, and it is precisely this which the States of Eastern Europe do not do. Men like Havel, who are loyal to their friends, are also loyal to their country. For they are acting to affirm the real allegiance of Czechs, and to uphold the moral expectations and the respect for law which are definitive of the Czech experience. It is more obvious to a Czech even than it is to an Englishman, that "country" and "State" are different ideas. The idea of the *vlast* was fundamental to the Czech sense of identity, long before there was such a thing as a Czechoslovak State. The word itself - cognate with *vlastin*, to own, and with *vlastnost*, property - summarizes the aspirations and the moral strength of the Charter movement, for which Havel is so eloquent a spokesman. While every Czech may hope for a State in which *vlast* and *vlasta* coincide, it is clear that, until they do so, the State has no title to the loyalty which it claims. If the Charter movement is of special importance it is because it recognizes that a State must rule by law if it is to be representative of a country, and that this requires precisely that separation of State and society which the Communist party will not tolerate. In this way the Charter movement has become one of the most important exercises in constitutional thinking in Eastern Europe, and one from which we too may learn. Communism gained power by betrayal - by encouraging people to betray their country for the sake of an idea. And in betraying their country, people also betrayed their friends. To see what is objectionable in the stance glorified by E. M. Forster, therefore, we should look at it from the point of view of the Chartists - living witnesses to the value of loyalty in a place where loyalty has been displaced from power. We will then reject the assumption that one can betray one's country and remain loyal to one's friend.

J. W. BRUEOEL,  
21 Connaught Drive, London NW1.

## Roman Law

Sir, - Robin Seager's review (October 31) pays *The Oxford History of the Classical World* a parting compliment: "This book covers almost everything". In fact there is one colossal omission. The handsome volume has nothing on law. Yet their law library was the Romans' greatest intellectual achievement and their most enduring, entire and direct legacy to modern Europe. Is Oxford mindful of its debts? By the admission of its own new history, but for Roman law its university might have found itself elsewhere, even at Northampton (see pp 15-21 of *The History of the University of Oxford*, Volume One, 1984, edited by J. I. Catto).

PETER BIRKS,  
Department of Civil Law, University of Edinburgh,  
Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

## Oskar Kokoschka

Sir, - Perhaps Norbert Lynton has the kind of second sight which Oskar Kokoschka would have been envious. Certainly one of his three hunches about the letters scrawled in the sky above the self-portrait as "Knight Errant" (October 3) appears to be uncannily accurate.

Soon after my biography of the painter was published, Heinz Spielman, co-editor of the *Briefe*, told me that Kokoschka had once admitted to him that what he intended to paint in the heavens were the letters COS, the initials of the girl who brought him cigarettes when he was convalescing from the wounds inflicted by Cossacks on the Eastern front. During further work on the sky the lower part of the "O" became obscured and the "C" was transformed into a roughly drawn "E".

It is not only the woman that biographers should more often look for. There is also the possibility that the trivial provides more likely explanations than the arcane.

FRANK WHITFORD,  
69 High Street, Ot Wiltbraham, Cambridge.

## 'The Earls of Creation'

Sir, - The publisher of the paperback reprint of James Lees-Milne's *The Earls of Creation*, reviewed briefly in your issue of August 15, as well as leaving out the excellent illustrations in the original version, has made life difficult for the reader by reprinting the original index while changing the pagination of the text. The reader of the paperback thus needs to adjust every page number in the index as he uses it. Your reviewer might usefully have noted this point as it could deter some potential purchasers of the book. Does it apply to others in this reprint series of National Trust Classics?

DAVID J. HALL,  
125 Oxford Road, Cambridge CB4 3PL.

achieved in a relatively backward Austria by way of revolution in Greater Germany", with the result that "many socialists had found it hard to reject the *Anschluss*, even though it came in a Nazi uniform". The facts are that Otto Bauer, the exiled leader of the Austrian Socialists, while rejecting the *Anschluss* "in Nazi uniform", argued in an article, published in May 1938, that the liberation of Austria could not be achieved by the remnants of the Schuschnigg régime, but only by a *gesamt-deutsche* revolution of the workers both of Germany and Austria. He believed that from such a revolutionary Greater Germany the Austrian workers would be unwilling to secede. Bauer died in Paris on July 5, 1938. Had he lived longer, he would certainly have revised his original reaction to Hitler's annexation of Austria.

The case of Karl Renner is different. When the Nazis arranged a "plebiscite" for April 10, 1938, to "ratify" Hitler's action, they exerted pressure on Renner - who in 1919 as State Chancellor of Austria had demanded the merger of his country with democratic Germany - to issue a pro-*Anschluss* declaration. Renner gave in (a move condemned by Bauer from abroad), but had the courage to say in his statement that as a Social Democrat he could not agree with the method by which the *Anschluss* of 1938 had been carried out.

J. W. BRUEOEL,  
21 Connaught Drive, London NW1.

## Roman Law

Sir, - Robin Seager's review (October 31) pays *The Oxford History of the Classical World* a parting compliment: "This book covers almost everything". In fact there is one colossal omission. The handsome volume has nothing on law. Yet their law library was the Romans' greatest intellectual achievement and their most enduring, entire and direct legacy to modern Europe. Is Oxford mindful of its debts? By the admission of its own new history, but for Roman law its university might have found itself elsewhere, even at Northampton (see pp 15-21 of *The History of the University of Oxford*, Volume One, 1984, edited by J. I. Catto).

PETER BIRKS,  
Department of Civil Law, University of Edinburgh,  
Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

## Oskar Kokoschka

Sir, - Perhaps Norbert Lynton has the kind of second sight which Oskar Kokoschka would have been envious. Certainly one of his three hunches about the letters scrawled in the sky above the self-portrait as "Knight Errant" (October 3) appears to be uncannily accurate.

Soon after my biography of the painter was published, Heinz Spielman, co-editor of the *Briefe*, told me that Kokoschka had once admitted to him that what he intended to paint in the heavens were the letters COS, the initials of the girl who brought him cigarettes when he was convalescing from the wounds inflicted by Cossacks on the Eastern front. During further work on the sky the lower part of the "O" became obscured and the "C" was transformed into a roughly drawn "E".

It is not only the woman that biographers should more often look for. There is also the possibility that the trivial provides more likely explanations than the arcane.

FRANK WHITFORD,  
69 High Street, Ot Wiltbraham, Cambridge.

## 'The Earls of Creation'

Sir, - The publisher of the paperback reprint of James Lees-Milne's *The Earls of Creation*, reviewed briefly in your issue of August 15, as well as leaving out the excellent illustrations in the original version, has made life difficult for the reader by reprinting the original index while changing the pagination of the text. The reader of the paperback thus needs to adjust every page number in the index as he uses it. Your reviewer might usefully have noted this point as it could deter some potential purchasers of the book. Does it apply to others in this reprint series of National Trust Classics?

DAVID J. HALL,  
125 Oxford Road, Cambridge CB4 3PL.

## 'Relevance: Communication and Cognition'

Sir, - We enjoyed Richard E. Grandy's warm words about *Relevance: Communication and Cognition* (September 19). Honestly compels us to admit, though, that the book reviewed is not the one we wrote.

First, the book reviewed rejects "the image of language as a code". The book we wrote argues in some detail that a language is a code, but that verbal communication involves much more than the mere encoding and decoding of messages. The originality of our book is that it tries to describe exactly what, apart from encoding and decoding, is involved. Grandy believes that the results will not impress code theorists because the abilities involved are "mysterious" and known "to involve extremely complex information processing". We think a theory of these complex and mysterious processes - and ours is the only one we know of - should interest anyone working in the field.

Second, the book reviewed makes the fuddy-duddy Euclidean assumption that all knowledge lies in deductive relations among linguistic structures, and ignores the fact that "some cognitive scientists are now seeking broader horizons for their discipline". That book is rightly criticized for neglecting the role in cognition of perception and visual imagery. Much fun is made of the idea, apparently implicit in the book reviewed, that humans find their way around by translating perceptual problems into sets of geometrical propositions, or that they can recognize colours without some form of visual memory. By contrast, the book we wrote explicitly claims that the mind has a variety of representational systems, both perceptual and conceptual, and emphasizes the role in cognition of such non-representational properties as accessibility and strength of assumptions. It also offers not only a new account of deduction, but a new (and non-logical) account of human non-demonstrative (non-deductive) abilities.

Third, the book reviewed, though apparently about verbal communication, contains no treatment of metaphor, irony, presupposition, disambiguation, implicature and other topics one would expect to find in such a work. The book we wrote contains original theories in all these areas. For example, it explicitly rejects the standard assumption, repeated without comment by Grandy, that "the quest for a metaphorical meaning begins only . . . when we can judge the literal meaning to be irrelevant". We show, with a wealth of examples, that the literal meaning is not the first, but the last, to be considered. Clearly, the relevant pages, over a quarter of the book we wrote, were missing from Grandy's text.

We hope this letter will avert any possible misunderstanding resulting from this unfortunate mixup at the printer's, and look forward with interest to your review of the book we wrote.

DEIRDRE WILSON,  
DAN SPERBER,  
Department of Linguistics, University College London,  
Gower Street, London WC1E 6BT.

## François Boucher

Sir, - Diderot's objection to Boucher, citing his private life as corroboration, dates from the Salon of 1765, and not 1763 as I erroneously stated in my review of the François Boucher exhibition in Paris (October 10).

ANITA BROOKNER,  
Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square,  
London W1H 0BE.

In the shortlist for the TLS Cheltenham Festival of Literature Poetry Competition which was published in the TLS of October 3, three of the poems were incorrectly attributed. No 3 is by Richard Kelly Tipping. No 4 by Daphne Leighton and No 5 by Aelmuire Cleary.

The 1986 John Florio Prize for the best translation of a work of contemporary Italian literature into English has been awarded to Avil Bardon for her translation of *The Wine-Dark Sea*, a collection of short stories by the Sicilian writer Leonardo Sciascia, published by Carcanet Press and reviewed in the TLS of December 20, 1985.

# BRITISH MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS

## ARCHAEOLOGY IN BRITAIN SINCE 1945

Edited by Ian Longworth and John Cherry  
A major new book in which leading archaeologists consider how advances in archaeology since 1945 have widened our understanding of Britain's past from prehistoric to post-medieval times.  
A judicious survey of advances over a huge range of material, extremely well written, and necessary reading for historians.  
246 x 189mm 250pp 113b/w illustrations and line drawings  
0 7141 2015 9 paper £12.50

## THE BOG MAN AND THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF PEOPLE

Don Brothwell  
Don Brothwell tells the exciting story of the discovery and detailed investigation of the Lindow bog body. He also looks at other preserved bodies from around the world and shows how the latest scientific techniques can help to answer questions about their life and death.  
246 x 189mm 128pp 8 colour and 30 b/w illustrations  
0 7141 1984 0 paper £5.95

## LINDOW MAN THE BODY IN THE BOG

Edited by I.M. Stead, J.B. Bourke and Don Brothwell  
The definitive report on the investigation into Lindow Man. The 33 papers give a full account of the discovery of the body, the research and its results, and the significance of Lindow Man for folklore, archaeology and history. A gazetteer of other bog burials from Britain and Ireland is also provided.  
276 x 219mm 202pp 50 b/w illustrations  
0 7141 1386 7 carded £15.00

## THE SUTTON HOO SHIP BURIAL

Angela Care Evans  
A completely new guide for the general reader to the Sutton Hoo ship burial. Angela Evans describes and illustrates the excavation of the ship and its contents and summarises the results of past and current research.  
A skilful and lucidly written digest.  
British Archaeological News  
246 x 189mm 136pp 8 colour and 100 b/w illustrations  
0 7141 0549 9 paper £5.50

## EGYPT AFTER THE PHAROHS

332 BC - AD 642  
Alan K. Bowman  
A masterly survey of the history, economy and social life of Egypt between Alexander the Great's invasion and the Arab conquest. Dr Bowman draws extensively on the written and archaeological evidence for the period to present this stimulating account of Egypt under Greek, Roman and Byzantine rule.  
240 x 175mm 264pp 36 colour and 100 b/w illustrations  
0 7141 0942 8 cased £16.95

## ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DESIGNS

Eva Wilson  
Over 300 designs and patterns from the work of artists and craftsmen in ancient Egypt. This anthology of line drawings will be a source of inspiration to designers, craftsmen, needlewomen, teachers and students.  
276 x 219mm 128pp 350 line drawings  
0 7141 3051 8 paper £4.95

## MONEY FROM COWRIE SHELLS TO CREDIT CARDS

Edited by Joe Cribb  
The changing story of money over 4,000 years with illustrations. This book examines the origins of money, the exercise of power over money, production technologies, the use and abuse of money, and the present day money towards credit cards and electronic banking.  
276 x 219mm 192pp 75 colour and 700 b/w illustrations  
0 7141 0862 6 paper £9.95

British Museum Publications  
46 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QQ

## Sales of books

### H. R. Woudhuysen

Books from two interesting libraries begin Sotheby's next sale of topography, travel and natural history books and prints on October 23 and 24. The first sixteen lots come from Newstead Abbey and were collected by Byron's school friend Thomas Wildman, who bought Newstead in 1818. One of these lots contains an exceptionally rare Byron item: his *Letters written at Missolonghi January to April 1824*, to Mr. Samuel Barff of Zante, privately printed at Naples for the Barff family in 1824 and inscribed to the Duchess of St Albans, which, with Charles B. Taylor's *The Son and Heir* [privately printed?], 1832, is expected to fetch between £200 and £250. From a quite different sort of place, the French Jesuit Library, the Bibliothèque des Fontaines at Chantilly, a large collection of atlases is for sale. The star item among these is a magnificent copy of Blaeu's first atlas the *Atlantis Appendix*, Amsterdam 1630, with sixty hand-coloured double-page engraved maps. Only five other copies of this work are known to exist: none of them is as fine as this copy, which is estimated at £40,000-£50,000. Later in the sale there is an even more stunning copy of the French text edition of Blaeu's *Atlas Major*, *Le Grand Atlas*, Amsterdam 1667. In twelve volumes with over 600 hand-coloured maps and illustrated charts: this is expected to fetch £80,000-£100,000. The sale is particularly strong in northern European maps and travel books and has a long section of Greek topographical prints collected in the earlier part of this century by René Puaux.

Among the colour-plate books there is a set of David Roberts's *The Holy Land* expected to go for as much as £60,000. Manetti's *Ornithologia*, Florence 1767-76, full of lively birds "strutting, parading, posturing and occasionally flying over its 600 hand-coloured plates" (estimated £40,000-£50,000) and Redouté's *Choix des plus belles fleurs et des plus beaux fruits*, [1833], with 144 plates printed in colour and finished by hand, in the same price range.

The most curious item in the sale is probably Anthony Pearce Altam's five volumes of journals of his voyages between 1826 and 1846, written by hand and illustrated with his own

drawings and sketches, as well as newspaper cuttings, ephemera and letters. Allan was an Irishman who travelled around most of the world - to India, the Far East, Southern Africa, the West Indies and Australia - as a Midshipman and captain on various boats. His journals look as if they contain some gripping reading, including accounts "of the sufferings of the crew of the *brig Mary Russell* under their extraordinary Captain Stewart" and descriptions of Sydney and Hobart in the 1830s. Allan's coloured sketch of "The Midshipman's mess on board the Honble. Cos. Ship Marchioness of Ely" shows a very jolly scene of ship-board life in around 1826-9, with sailors smoking and drinking and playing chess, while one man writes up a log and another plays the flute, all overshadowed by a huge canon at the back of the room: the journals are estimated at £5,000-£7,000.

## AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 299  
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than November 7. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers posted on that date.  
Entries should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on November 14.

1 Harbert suddenly appeared in the mirror. G relished what she would say about how she wanted her hair done, but he wasn't interested. Solemnly the maestro removed the grubby piece of black ribbon adorning her pony tail, and gravely unravelled the elastic band underneath. He held out his hand to the junior who stood at his side with a loaded tray: "Scalpel", thought G.

2 In the looking-glass at the balderdasher's, K glared at her face as it were Edwin's. The bearded young man behind her, sensing restlessness, suggested a colour rinse. "Rinse" sounded more nonchalant than "dye".

3 There was a brief silence: Mrs Courcel did not look in the mirror at him to see what he thought of her, she thought: she continued calmly to gaze at herself, picking up pieces of her hair with coral-painted nails, but G looked fleetingly at his own face as a tidal wave of rage and hatred surged up his body . . . and was overwhelmed to see that it was suffused with a weak (and silly) smile.

Competition No 295

Winner: P. Carter

Answers:

1 The nothing of the day is a machine called the velocipede. It is a wheel-carriage to ride cock horse upon, sitting astride and pushing it along with the toes, a rudder wheel in hand - they will go seven miles an hour.

Joho Keats, Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, February 14-May 3, 1819.

2 Shall we ever, my staunch Myfanwy, Bicycle down in North Parade? Kant on the handle-bars, Marx in the saddlebag, Light my torch on your shoulder-blade. John Betjeman, "Myfanwy at Oxford".

3 . . . every isolated yard or so I stopped to rest my legs, the good ones as well as the bad, and not only my legs, not only my legs. I didn't properly speaking get down off the machine, I remained astride it, my feet on the ground, my arms on the handlebars, my head on my arms, and I waited until I felt better. But before I leave this earthly paradise, 'suspended between the mountains and the sea, sheltered from certain winds and exposed to all that Austere veils, in the way of scents and languages, on this accursed country, it would ill become me not to mention the awful cries of the corn-crakes that rain in the corn, in the meadows, all the short summer night long, dinging their rattles.

Samuel Beckett, "Molloy".

This in the  
**London Review**  
OF BOOKS

Ian Gilmour on terrorism  
Philip Roth visits Primo Levi  
William Rodgers: the chairman of the SDP  
Michael Brock: did more mean  
KAL 007: R.W. Johnson  
Seymour Hersh

**Out Now!**  
See your newsagent

London Review of Books, Tavistock House  
Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JZ, 2011



## COMMENTARY

## That uncertain feeling

David Kelley

ALFRED DE MUSSET  
A Door Should be either Open or Shut  
Cottesloe Theatre

*A Door Should be either Open or Shut* appears to be a slight play. Its tone is the elegant badinage of which Noël Coward made fun earlier this century. It concerns a poor little rich girl and an if anything even richer man and there is the possibility of a happy ending since he, beguiled by her aggressively feminist attacks on his bored attempts at flirtation, is lured into a proposal of marriage which she, to his surprise, accepts with prompt enthusiasm.

A for cry, it might seem, from the *Lorenzaccio* which the National Theatre so brilliantly presented a few years ago. Is Musset mixing his wine with water, catering into complicity with established values? Perhaps. Or is it a positive resolution of the dilemma posed in *Il ne faut pas oublier l'homme*? That is: how is it possible to feel sincerely and authentically when the sophistication of modern manners and the complex uncertainty of modern values cannot but induce cynicism and mistrust of feeling? For this question, central to the Romantic dilemma, and perhaps our own, is what is under discussion in this light, witty and elegant *divertissement*.

The opening and shutting of the door, which provides the title of the play, and the simultaneous and contradictory movement between seduction and rejection that the two characters indulge in are a function of the Romantic "mal de siècle". According to the Comte, it is boredom (*ennui* in the French) which impels him to coil on the Marquise. It is boredom with the discourse of seduction, uniquely centred on

physical attraction, which causes her to make a pretence of rejection, and the door to open and close with uncertainty throughout the play. In the event all seems to turn out well, and the ability to love is reawakened in the Marquise—as the huge painting glimpsed at the back of the set obliquely and ironically suggests. But how authentic is that love? Will it survive the social convention of marriage? The Marquise's eagerness to change the crest on her ring in the light of her promotion to the rank of Comtesse hardly bodes well for everlasting felicity.

At his best—in *Finisio* for example—Musset manages to make of the ironic insubstantiality of the form of the play both a statement of its subject and a comment on its validity as a statement. *A Door Should be either Open or Shut* is not Musset at his very best. But it is not so slight as it might at first appear. The frivolity which characterizes its tone is itself a manifestation of the problem with which it deals.

The platform production at the Cottesloe is admirably stylish and unemphatic, in keeping with the tone of Musset's play. The translation, by Tania Croft-Murray and Ksen Johnson communicates the wit of the original, and constantly calls it to mind. The Comte is perhaps older than one might have imagined him from Musset's text, but the energy of John Shrapnell's performance carries conviction. And Eleanor Bron, as the Marquise, sets out the combination of coquettishness and conventional prudery that the part demands, with acuity and charm. The set, by Julian McGowan, with the Central School of Art and Design, plays cleverly and delicately with period detail and significant perspectives—mirrors which reflect nothing, walls which open on to images reflecting the drama enacted on the stage. Tact, discernment, playfulness and sensitivity characterize this brief, but not negligible entertainment.

## The depths of austerity

Jonathon Brown

GEORGES BIZET  
Carmen  
Theatre Royal, Glasgow

The seventeenth-century Spanish drama of Calderón was important to Wagner for its depth of austerity and deliberation; and Bizet's Spanish melodrama was important to Nietzsche. Its depth ascribed to something like the opposite qualities. In this new production for Scottish Opera, Graham Vick presents the work firmly in the grim and nearly ritualistic manner of the old Spanish drama, and, helped by John Mauceri's detailed account of the score, and by a bare set (designed by Michael Yeargan) furnished only by dozens of chairs, or a few tables, or a wall that can be raised as a diagonal across the revolving section of the stage, this austerity is all but triumphantly realized. Much of the action takes place on the large rotating area of the empty stage, surrounded by simple wicker seats, suggesting not only the spectacular drama of the bullfight, but also the popular nature of the old national drama. Stark yet colourful, this is a view of the work so full of sharp divisions and contrast that it is Carmen's equivocal love that becomes the heart of the piece—and not her unequivocal sexiness.

This is as it should be. The temptation to give Carmen scarcely any stage presence other than the frankly sexual, diminishes the work, and generally reduces the acting to a sort of coy sex education. In this production however, the habonero is not the licentious half-invitation that it is in so many versions; instead, Jenny Miller gives it the character of a riddle, a non-sense except to the victims of its truth. She sings softly and sadly of love, not as something that she controls, or can wield over men, but as a fateful force that could as easily ensnare her too. With this wisdom, Carmen seems detached in so far as she seems certain of fate's hand; but equally she seems involved, ensnared indeed, certain that fate has chosen her to demonstrate

the middle. Since Jenny Miller replaced Emily Golden at only twenty hours' notice (having been promoted from Mercedes in only her second performance for the company), some of the credit for this may be due to both conductor and director; none the less, to have realized in so subtle and so beguiling a fashion this vision not only of the character Carmen, but also of the ritualistic and terrible paradoxes of helpless human love, is a singular achievement.

In Carmen's other set-pieces in the first three acts, the seguidilla and the gypsy song, as well as in the substance of her taunts against Don José as he seeks to obey the bugle, her chief concern is not with love, let alone mere sex appeal, but with a way of life: a life of dancing and drinking and loving no doubt, but in particular, the gypsy life of freedom. These values are as if hemmed in between her initial riddle of love in the habonera, and the scarcely less riddle-like reading of the cards. Again, by a variety of imploring yet resigned expressions, both in the voice (its softest register particularly potent) and in her acting, Jenny Miller makes these values seem like hope imprisoned by the ritualistic inevitability of love and death, and her account of the fourth act, the final reckoning of it all, brings together such a touching clash of hope against hope, and perplexed certainty, that when Don José plunges the dagger into her back and sends her body towards the edge of the stage, even in this familiar work it is a shocking and unexpected moment.

The new translation by Anthony Burgess is idiomatic enough, but while its informal and chatty manner may be modern, it skews with the darkness of the drama that the production emphasizes. Little attempt is made to give the singers the extraordinary assonances of the original. As for the other singers, only Jane Leslie MacKenzie's strong Micaela matches this duty and bitter vision. The production can be seen in Glasgow on October 24 and 27, thereafter during November in Liverpool (4, 8), Edinburgh (11, 14), Aberdeen (19, 22) and Newcastle (25, 29).

## Writing it out

John W. Butt

RICHARD NELSON  
Principia Scriptoriae  
The Pit, Barbican

This play by Richard Nelson, presented by the RSC under the direction of David Jones, is a nerve-racking practical course in learning to write. An immature American on the gringo trail finds himself in the early 1970s sharing a prison cell with a similarly immature local in some unnamed fascist Spanish-American dictatorship. Both plan to be "writers"; neither has done any living. The American is preparing the standard first novel on his father and himself, Ernesto has collected a few clichés about prostitutes, mother and a charmed life at Cambridge. They are then put to the test: the torturers mutilate Bill's genitals and almost tear Ernesto's arm off, and both, particularly Bill, start to see that writing is more than the paper-and-ink counterpart of anti-Johnson marches or the half-indulgent elucubrations of a Latin mother's boy. There is a sterile image of Bill, trouserless and bloodstained, holding a fragment of paper in his shaking hands and reading a few luminous lines from an Old English poem which seem to pierce the darkness and transform their prison. At this dire moment they discover their only support is the love of one stranger for another and the timeless images of poets who knew nothing about "commitment" or movements. Writing will not come cheap.

This first part, the transformation by pain and despair of two boys and their idea of literature, has great power. Richard Nelson has a real understanding of American provincialism, the tedious, fuzzy enthusiasm of the radical who knows nothing about politics, people, ideologies or foreigners; and even imagines that Latin-American dictatorships have "laws". Part Two shows the pair fifteen years later

obliged now to define their attitudes to left-wing repression. Ernesto is the servant of a typical Soviet-style dictatorship, and Bill is a member of a writers' and artists' committee arguing for the freedom of a poet who was once an ambassador for the old régime. The poignancy of this situation would have been increased if the victimized poet's crimes had been more terrible, but the alterations in the relationship of the two men come as something of a shock in view of the hard lesson they were taught in Part One: it rather effectively draws the line between political commitment and artistic responsibility, and shows only too well how loathing of injustice can sometimes defeat itself by becoming blindly partisan. But we also see, in the sly and self-flattering "international artist", Hans Elinhorn, that the claims of writing also have their limits and that a couple of good novels do not automatically promote you to sole official spokesman for the conscience of mankind.

For all the emphasis on basic human emotions, this is a rather intellectual play and the actors have to work hard for their parts in the face of a lot of abstract dispute. Aton Lessee's all-American boy emerges as a complex and convincing character, but Ernesto remains elusive; one gets the feeling of a skilled actor (Sean Baker) occasionally thwarted by the writer's failure to get a real grip on Latin-American emotions and values—this despite the pains taken to get the accents and attitudes right. The ebullient gringo first dominates the relationship and the play and then is suddenly pushed out of focus in Part Two, which concentrates more on the general issue of intellectual freedom and moral responsibility. This theme is so immense and by now so burdened with accumulated arguments, that it could easily overload an intense study of a developing relationship. It is a tribute to the professionalism of the actors that the play is so effectively kept.

## A question of images

David Nokes

The Secret Life of Paintings  
BBC2

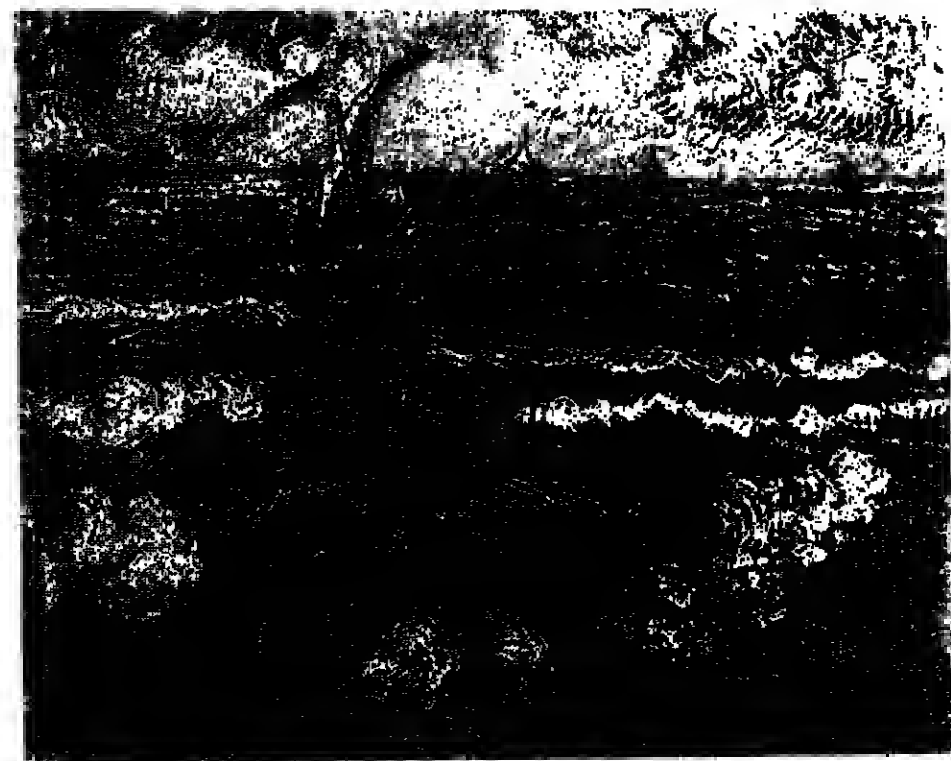
Though virtually extinct in our universities, driven out by the glacial onset of Jarrattization, that much-loved species, the eccentric pedagogue, continues to flourish on a television. The idea in a line of descent which has brought us Magnus Pike, David Bellamy and Barbara Woodhouse is Pamela Tudor-Craig. Bellamy would erupt from some watery swamp, a Nepene in bathing trunks and goggles, to lead us on a Gulliverian investigation of the jungle wars in our own back-yard, Tudor-Craig, dressed in a chic neo-Renaissance outfit of mink and knee-breeches, materializes genie-like from a puff of smoke inside a sealed museum chamber to initiate us into the secret life of paintings. The chamber belongs not to any real museum, but to some cell-like aesthetic limbo, where paintings from the National Gallery and the Uffizi hang side by side, like captives on the wall.

All this preliminary make-believe indicates the main problem with a series which insists on bombarding us with one visual gimmick after another. We might at least have hoped for some stylistic consistency in the presentation. Tudor-Craig not only affects a mock-Tudor costume but also reads by candlelight, tells the time by an hour glass and keeps a skull among the dusty vellum volumes on her shelf. But this

Dionysian mode of Renaissance pastiche is violated by a series of video-tricks and computer graphics more appropriate to *Dr Who* or *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. The production cannot resist the temptation to offer us frame-by-frame illustrations of the narrative in the manner of a comic. The first programme dealt with Hieronymus Bosch's "Christ Crowned with Thorns". Tudor-Craig contrasted the apparent serenity of this painting with the seething nightmare vision presented in most of Bosch's work. It was, she said, "the stillness in the eye of the hurricane". Instantly, the camera zoomed in to give us a close-up of her eye (why not of a hurricane?) Mention of a prison sent the grille of a portcullis crashing down the screen. A reference to blood started a stain of red seeping across the painting. Apart from the imitation of such video devices, they have the effect of upstaging the paintings themselves, which are reduced to a backdrop for an ostentatious *pas de deux* between presenter and technician. At one point Tudor-Craig explained the incongruous spiked dog-collar worn by one of Christ's tormentors as a concealed pun. *Dominic can!*, the dog of the Lord, was a coded reference to the Dominicans who controlled many corrupt Vatican practices. But the light of this revelation was eclipsed by a punning production style which can turn the eye of a hurricane into an electronic blink.

All this is particularly disappointing since at the heart of each programme is a subtle, patient and illuminating iconographic essay. Tudor-Craig deciphers her chosen paintings with skill, confidently peeling off the levels of allusion. At one level, she argues, Bosch's painting offers a subversive political cartoon whose impact "must have been dynamite". Beyond that, however, she reveals a map of the bodily humours, an acoustic of the four elements and an allegory of salvation. Her second painting, Uccello's "St George and the Dragon", takes her far beyond the familiar legend into the shadow-lands of subconscious images and symbols. It is the strangeness of Uccello's version of the story which intrigues her. Where is St George's Red Cross? Why is he so young? Why is the dragon so thick? What is that ominous spiral in the clouds? Behind the familiar patron of English chivalry she detects a number of pagan precursors: there is the Green Man of British cults; there is the Egyptian god Horus who every morning slew the dragon who lived in the dragon mouth of Hell. Inevitably many of these interpretations must be open to question; the analysis of Bosch's tormentor is particularly contentious.

area. Yet Tudor-Craig betrays no hesitations about her conclusions. The confident tone of her detective work is reminiscent of the Edgar Lustgarten style of criminal reconstruction. Like Lustgarten, she offers us the forensic evidence, those tell-tale fingerprints or pigments which clinch the case. Yet for all her skill some clues still evade her. It is not until the very last moments of the last programme that she raises questions that may have been troubling viewers. Why does the man on the left have a cross-bow bolt through his hat (or head)? Unfortunately, she confesses, we may never know. Lustgarten would never have settled for that.



"The Sea at Saintes-Maries", by an imitator of Van Gogh, from the exhibition, Don't trust the label.

## English eclectics

Andrew Saint

Charles Barry, Junior, and the Dulwich College Estate  
Dulwich Picture Gallery, until November 2

Charles Barry, junior, was the architect of Dulwich College and surveyor to the school's ample estate. So this exhibition, handsomely catalogued by an enthusiastic Dulwich College teacher, Jan Piggott, has special local reference. But it also helps to sort out the Barry clan and put its members in perspective.

Like tradesmen and professionals of all kinds, architects often come in family dynasties. Though this can confuse, it is helpful sometimes to look upon their work as a continuum, and so it is with the Barrys. The innovator who confounds Sir Charles Barry, the designer of the House of Parliament and the Reform Club, with his sons, E. M. Barry, of the Royal Opera House and Charing Cross Hotel or Charles Barry, junior, of Dulwich and the forecourt to Burlington House, does not go far wrong. All three were among the many nineteenth-century British eclectics who sought some kind of resolution to the conflict between Classic and Gothic architecture by grafting Gothic details on to Classic compositions. The Houses of Parliament exemplify this perfectly, as Pugin, called in by Sir Charles Barry to make its Gothic ornamentation convincing, was the first to apprehend.

Nowadays this indigenous type of architectural compromise sticks in few gullets. What many people still find hard to stomach is the bulbous, mansarded, Franco-Italian dress with which the younger Barrys and others began to bedeck their grander buildings in the 1860s and '70s. Yet in many ways the step was a logical one. France and North Italy had gone through the mill of stylistic assimilation in the sixteenth century; the eclectics were curious to see if the results could be tailored satisfactorily to Victorian architectural conditions.

To be a thoroughgoing eclectic, you must be a gifted architect. E. M. Barry has his moments: the Royal Opera House auditorium, for

## The reproductive urge

Sarah Walden

Don't trust the label  
Nottingham University Art Gallery

Uniquely among the arts, painting suffers from its intimate connections with money. Most of the elaborate deceptions on display in the Arts Council's touring exhibition, *Don't trust the label*, stem from this connection. One of the most flamboyant fakers, J. F. Joni, a late nineteenth-century mayor of Sienn, represented here by a pleasant little fifteenth-cen-

tury triptych from the Courtauld Institute's collection of forgeries, publicly protested at the discovery of X-rays "just when Italy is in crying need of reconstituting her prosperity".

The industry is a venerable one: the mounters of scrolls in the Imperial Palace in Peking were under orders as early as the eleventh century to patinate the silk of copies so as to simulate age—though in China faking often has as much to do with tradition as with gain. Some of the European forgeries exhibited here are now of a respectable age too, and acquiring a patina of their own, on top of the tobacco water, turmeric and baked crquelure, or whatever resourceful technique their craftsman had invented. But most forgeries bear the indelible imprint of their own time, which comes sharply into focus with age too. Some of the fakes in Van Meegeren's surrogate Vermeers bear undeniable similarities to Marlene Dietrich, which the art historians of the time, locked into their own time module, failed to spot. Van Meegeren was especially good at providing the experts with just the missing link in a painter's development that they were hoping to find, as with his Dirk van Barburen "Procureur" here, which was then a lost painting seen only in the background of two acknowledged Vermeers; or his "Last Supper" in Rotterdam, which supplied the long-sought evidence of an early Italian journey by the young Vermeer.

Whenever possible, the exhibition provides the original itself, so that our responses can be tuned against the perfect pitch of the artist's real work. By contrast with the copy, fake, reproduction, pastiche, adaptation, restoration or even the artist's own replicas, certain constants emerge. The strangeness of the creative truth is replaced by the tighter orthodoxy of the copy. A mechanical semblance remains, but the meaning behind the brushwork, pencil or burin has drained away.

The sinuous line of a Picasso drawing is unconsciously regularized, emptying it of nervous energy and tension. The highlights on a horse supposedly sketched by Géricault are accentuated into anatomical absurdity. Lionel Constable's clouds have none of the meteorological validity behind his father's seemingly artless skies. In his anxiety to achieve the correct relief, Otto Wacker, the painter of Van Gogh's "The Sea at Saintes-Maries" was known to have constructed some pictures entirely in white impasto before adding colour, producing a scarcely surprising lifelessness. The almost expressionistic loose scrape of the burin in the second state of Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilder Print" is gradually tidied up into a crisp, bright, twentieth-century photo-mechanical reproduction.

The exhibition raises many questions beyond the entertaining theme of forgery. At what moment does an adulterated or over-restored painting cease to justify the name on the label? And what are we to judge by? If harshly cleaned or otherwise degenerated Titians are used as a guide to his art, the basis of judgment itself is eroded. Siekert was struck by Degas's fear of future dishonest or incompetent restoration of his work; he had seen examples of the distortion of Manet's pictures after his death. It was to safeguard the meaning of their art that Claude completed his *Liber Veritatis*, and Turner engraved his work.

No such concerns are likely to inhibit Andy Warhol, whose "Marilyn Monroe" is exhibited together with a fake. Market forces are getting ahead: only three years divide the genuine from the pirate versions. Whether any aesthetic or philosophical distinctions can be made in duplicate art is one of those questions which leave one lucid about the answer.

But who knows? While urging the audience to resist the sedation of their critical faculties by the atmosphere of the gallery—the reverent silence, the guards, the frames, the labels—maybe the organizers are playing a double deception on them? Maybe both Warhols are genuine, or neither. For the inebriously ironic send-up to be laboriously sent up would be a double dose of derision.

The exhibition will be at Nottingham until October 25, at York City Art Gallery from November 1 to December 7 and at Exeter Royal Albert Memorial Museum from December 20.

## Short Story Competition

## 'The Ghosts of Warwick Castle'

A first prize of £1000 and publication in book form of the eighteen best stories are the rewards in the Warwick Castle Short Story Competition.

For entry form and full details send s.a.e. to:  
The Ghosts of Warwick Castle  
Short Story Competition,  
Dept. TLS1, 37/38 Calthorpe Road,  
Edgbaston, Birmingham B15 1TX.

Closing date

31st March

1987



# Face to face with the past

Arthur C. Danto

EDGAR WIND  
Hume and the Heroic Portrait: Studies in  
eighteenth-century imagery  
Edited by Jaymie Anderson  
139pp plus black-and-white photographs.  
Oxford University Press. £29.50.  
0198173717  
The Eloquence of Symbols  
Edited by Jaymie Anderson  
172pp. Oxford University Press. £27.50.  
0198173415

In an early essay on Plato's philosophy of art (1932), included in the first of these volumes of his selected papers, Edgar Wind made the exact observation that Plato's condemnation of art does not specifically depend upon, nor is it especially vulnerable through, the theory of Forms with which it is associated. For much the same attitude – that art is dangerous and that members of a good society must be insulated from its baleful influences – is assumed in the *Laws*, where none of the metaphysical apparatus of the Forms is unlimbered.

What somehow escaped Wind was the possibility that that metaphysics was a consequence of Plato's attitude towards art rather than an explanation of it, and that the theory of Forms was a powerfully disabling theory, designed to inflict a double degradation on art, which Plato feared for other reasons. It is as though Plato imagined a universe in which art could be ontologically segregated, as but the appearance of appearance, twice removed from the domain of philosophical cognition, which is uniquely of what is real. Should this analysis be true, then the entirety of Western metaphysics, if indeed so many footnotes to Plato, was generated by an enmity towards art that at the same time acknowledges the power of an enemy it pretends is ephemeral.

Had something like this occurred to Wind, he might have extended this deconstructionist attitude towards the other philosophies of art he battled against, in *Art and Anarchy*, of course, but also in his 1930 address "Warburg's Concept of *Kulturwissenschaft* and its Meaning for Aesthetics": namely the formalism of a previous generation of art historians, Heinrich Wölfflin and Alois Riegl, and the connoisseurship of Giovanni Morelli and those who followed him in practising it – Bernard Berenson, for example, and Max Friedländer. For the effort to reduce art to its formal identity, or to disregard, as Morelli did, the powerful images of adoration, transfiguration, and crucifixions, in favour of such trivial marks of artistic identification as the treatment of fingernails and earlobes, might then have been perceived as disfranchising strategies in their own right – modes of putting art at a safe distance. And so, had he lived to witness it, he might have perceived the contemporary view that art is a permanent possibility of interpretation – as Mill had insisted a physical object is nothing but a permanent possibility of sensation – as a way of not having to deal with what makes art threatening and its experience important.

In any case, the view that art really can be dangerously transformative, and the view that any approach to art is to be suspected which, for whatever dark reasons, of its adherents, seeks to find a way of handling art without one's having to expose oneself to those dangers, were the two poles of Wind's philosophy of art. At no point, so far as I know, did he connect them theoretically; but they are clearly connected in his work as an art historian and his energies as a polemicist. His art-historical work, at its frequent best, consists of removing, as a great restorer removes the grime of centuries to expose the original brilliant palette of a painting, the layers of historical change that separate us from the work's original powers. His effort is to discover, and to equip us with the information we need – the lost theories, the forgotten codes, the submerged intentions and faded symbolic vocabularies – to respond to the work as it was meant to be responded to, and as presumably it was responded to by those for whom it was alive.

His researches into the philosophical armatures of Raphael's "School of Athens", or the programme of meanings in Bellini's "Feast of the Gods" – or the lesser exercises in historical

restitution included among the essays in *The Eloquence of Symbols* – respond to what he described once as "the perpetual need to recover lost modes of perception". He did not believe that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, for the contingent knowledge required in order to resonate to its beauty may have decayed. He did not believe, with Croce, that the contingencies wither away, leaving the forms immortally luminous, for it is not difficult to imagine, he argues, information which, if erased, would carry the work into incoherence: the *Divine Comedy* would not survive ignorance about angels, or the *Iliad* ignorance of gods. A great deal of knowledge must be captured by the pedestrian procedures of historical learning if a work whose "mutter has fallen into oblivion" is to recover its aesthetic bloom. A deeper thesis than this is entailed by his characteristic investigation, namely that form and matter are not so utterly distinct that the form might remain, as the soul was once thought to survive the decay of the body, when the matter of content has fallen away.



Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Dr James Beattie, entitled "The Triumph of Truth"; the picture is reproduced from Reynolds, edited by Nicholas Penny. The exhibition, to which this is the catalogue, was reviewed in the TLS on January 21 of this year.

So Wind polemicalizes fiercely, not only against a formalist aesthetic such as that of Clive Bell, for whom "the representative element in a work of art is always irrelevant", but against the art historians who sought an autonomy for their discipline by reducing works of art to their formal essence and seeking, as it were, laws of formal transformation as if the subject were analogous to crystallography: "A cathedral surveyed by Wölfflin's eyes is no longer a cathedral at all, but a crystalline system of visual forms." And he took acerbic delight in showing how Wölfflin's formalist premises tricked his eye, which "seized on a subordinate clause as principle". That was through not knowing the iconographic programme of "The School of Athens", but the point is altogether general: "It commonly happens that critics who pride themselves on their purely formal approach to Hogarth fail to see where the chief accents fall in his pictures." And though the restriction of works of art to occasions for aesthetic pleasure is itself a disfranchising posture – "Aesthetic delectation is the danger to be avoided", Duchamp once said – Wind demonstrates, over and over, that a non-cognitive pleasure is as inaccessible as a form purged of meaning. Wind is always wrestling with aestheticians and theoreticians who have, in his view, like Duchamp's *celebrated*, stripped the *bride of art* bare, through interminable grinding, not only of her vestments but of her flesh.

Nowhere did he succeed with greater effect than in his remarkable collection of essays on eighteenth-century painting, primarily British and primarily portraiture. The authority of the historical analyses is so compelling as to mute the familiar polemic, which comes through mainly in asides to the reader. Discussing the decorative programme of the King's Staircase at Hampton Court by Antonio Verrio, he

observes, deliciously, "The inclusion in this programme of so sensational a character as Julian the Apostate suggests that Verrio may have regarded his subject as something more than an excuse for using ultramarine." Julian, indeed, was accepted (we learn) as early as William III, as "a symbol of toleration and freedom". He was a natural exemplar from ancient times of the enlightened sovereign, even if this reputation did not survive Gibbon's characterization of the Apostate, which makes his presence in art something of a puzzle to us who do not know of his eclipse in eighteenth-century consciousness or his reason for being there to begin with. Solution of the iconographic puzzle does not redeem the painting – it remains spectacularly mediocre – but it illustrates an episode in the history of patronage, namely through identifying Shaftesbury's view that the artist ought to be "the mechanical executant of the ideas dictated to him by a philosopher". Shaftesbury's argument is analysed in another essay ("Shaftesbury as Patron of Art"), but the essay on Verrio is not simply an

observed, deliciously, "The inclusion in this programme of so sensational a character as Julian the Apostate suggests that Verrio may have regarded his subject as something more than an excuse for using ultramarine." Julian, indeed, was accepted (we learn) as early as William III, as "a symbol of toleration and freedom". He was a natural exemplar from ancient times of the enlightened sovereign, even if this reputation did not survive Gibbon's characterization of the Apostate, which makes his presence in art something of a puzzle to us who do not know of his eclipse in eighteenth-century consciousness or his reason for being there to begin with. Solution of the iconographic puzzle does not redeem the painting – it remains spectacularly mediocre – but it illustrates an episode in the history of patronage, namely through identifying Shaftesbury's view that the artist ought to be "the mechanical executant of the ideas dictated to him by a philosopher". Shaftesbury's argument is analysed in another essay ("Shaftesbury as Patron of Art"), but the essay on Verrio is not simply an

isolated exercise of iconographic ingenuity and supererogatory erudition: it illuminates the general theme of the essays, which concerns the relationship between art and philosophy in the English Enlightenment, which Wind especially develops, with marvellous sweep and fascinating detail, in the title essay, "Hume and the Heroic Portrait", in which a cat's cradle of connections is drawn between Hume, Beattie, Gainsborough and Reynolds.

The essay is built around a kind of proportion: Hume is to Beattie as Gainsborough is to Reynolds. It is of course a flawed proportion, Hume was a much more considerable philosopher in comparison with Beattie than Gainsborough was an artist in comparison with Reynolds. It is not clear, for that matter, that Reynolds is in any sense Gainsborough's inferior, save perhaps with respect to our reluctant interest in the theories and attitudes he elaborated in his *Discourses* to the Royal Academy and sought to fulfil in his own work as a painter. How alien Reynolds is to our sensibilities may be marked by the fact that such terms as "eclectic" and "artificial" were terms of praise in Reynolds's critical vocabulary. As these terms have no application to Gainsborough, he is bound to be appreciated as the more sympathetic painter to our eyes.

Nor does the proportion quite hold up as a causal picture, representing Hume as an influence on Gainsborough: as Beattie was on Reynolds. It is unclear that Gainsborough was even a reader, let alone a disciple of Hume, as Reynolds may be argued to have been of Beattie, by the evidence of the almost comically harried portrait, "Doctor Beattie, or The Triumph of Truth". The thinker fingers a volume called "Truth" while Truth herself, by force of her radiance, vanquishes some dark meaning whom Reynolds's contemporaries were eager to identify as Voltaire, Gibbon and

Hume. If the fat meanie were indeed Hume, Wind would have established one of the internal connections his thesis, in at least its strongest form, would require; but Reynolds only allowed that it was broad enough to be Hume. What is certain is that Hume, as moralist and historian, was dubious about heroes, and that when he chose his own portraitist – who showed him plainly, ham-faced and cleaved, wearing the uniform of the Embassy Secretary (or a scholar's turban in another image) – he turned to his friend, Allan Ramsay. There is, then, no direct connection between Gainsborough and Hume, only the speculation that he chose to have himself portrayed as Gainsborough would have portrayed him. At best there is evidence that the philosopher and the painter exemplified an attitude antithetical to that of Beattie and Reynolds. None the less, one finishes the essay with the sense of having been immensely illuminated. One has grasped what one might call the semiotics of portraiture in one of its great eras, and with a vivid sense of Hume's moral philosophy translated into its artistic equivalent. It is a brilliant essay.

Wind was exceptionally sensitive, for once learned, towards what he speaks of as "his applied erudition". If the object looks just as looked before, except that a burdensome superstructure has been added, the interpretation is aesthetically useless, whatever historical or other merits it may have. "I was struck with how little inert Wind's interpretations are." "The primary aim of iconography should be cathartic", he wrote in an essay "The Eloquence of Symbols" – not printed in the book of that title, though I would have chosen it over the grudging attack on Gombrich's biography of Aby Warburg – and he meant by this that iconography purges obstacles to artistic perception. His success in *Hume and the Heroic Portrait* confirms his view that the philosopher was a chief determinant of artistic representation in the era, just because each of the essays fixes upon an issue which happens to be of independent philosophical interest. His treatment of pictorial quotations in Reynolds's portraits – of "Master Crewe as Henry VIII", for example – not only makes explicit structures Reynolds must have counted on in his viewers (a knowledge of Holbein, a readiness to sense the wit in showing a child as a despot and as that despot, as well as a readiness to derive a degree of pleasure from the painter's acknowledgement of their wit); but it also exemplifies a pictorial counterpart to "conventional implicature", as discussed in the philosophy of language. Beyond that it establishes a connection one would not have anticipated between the post-modern appropriation of images with styles of rhetorical portraiture we would scarcely have imagined to belong to the same history. In a very brief essay, he demonstrates Reynolds's use of an ancient maxim by one of the mourners under the cross, showing not only Reynolds's psychologically fascinating view that "the extremes of contrary passion are with very little variation expressed by the same action", but giving us a pictorial equivalent to the philosophical thought that something may have a certain identity "only under a description". It even connects with a thesis in social psychology that identical feelings may be described with wild differences as a function of social context.

There is an interesting study to be written on the relationship between the great art historians and philosophy. Sometimes this has taken the form of discipleship, as with Gombrich and Popper, or with Panofsky and Cassirer. Gombrich's "making and matching" seems to me structured on Popper's philosophy of science, as Panofsky's theory of perspective is an application of Cassirer's philosophy of symbolic forms. Wind was almost unique in his speciality as one who really thought like a philosopher. This may not be perceived as a supreme compliment, but it certainly made him sensitive to interchanges between philosophy and art in the eighteenth century that would have remained hidden without him, to the detriment of the art and to the deep impoverishment of our experience of it.

There is an interesting study to be written on the relationship between the great art historians and philosophy. Sometimes this has taken the form of discipleship, as with Gombrich and Popper, or with Panofsky and Cassirer. Gombrich's "making and matching" seems to me structured on Popper's philosophy of science, as Panofsky's theory of perspective is an application of Cassirer's philosophy of symbolic forms. Wind was almost unique in his speciality as one who really thought like a philosopher. This may not be perceived as a supreme compliment, but it certainly made him sensitive to interchanges between philosophy and art in the eighteenth century that would have remained hidden without him, to the detriment of the art and to the deep impoverishment of our experience of it.

*Giotto and the Orators: Humanist observation in painting in Italy and the discovery of perspective composition* (1971) by Michael Baxandall has recently been reissued (1985) Oxford University Press. Paperback, £9.95. 0191873613

## Western promise

Simon Pepper

T.E. LAWRENCE  
Crusader Castles  
224pp. Haag; distributed by Biblos. £14.95.  
0902743538

T.E. Lawrence died in 1935. Among the mass of Lawrenceana that appeared in 1936 were the two slim volumes of *Crusader Castles*, published under his own name in a limited edition of 1,000. Volume One was Lawrence's Oxford BA thesis of 1910, "The influence of the Crusades on European military architecture". Volume Two consisted of a selection of letters written to his mother from 1905 to 1909 when, as a schoolboy and then an undergraduate, he travelled widely through Britain and France visiting medieval churches and castles. These wanderings culminated in the adventurous three-month tour of Palestine and Syria in the summer of 1909 which took him – alone, for most of the time – to three-quarters of the fifty or so sites fortified by the Crusaders during the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. A minor epic of student fieldwork, it involved trekking on foot in the hottest season for about 1,100 miles over the rough crags where the seigneurs of Outremer and the military orders had built their strongholds. Half a century after their original publication, both thesis and letters have been reproduced in a handsome and very reasonably priced single volume by Michael Haag, who contributes an introduction.

This is not the "monumental book on the crusades" that Lawrence often talked about but never found time to write. Early in 1911 he began work under Hogarth, and later Woolley, excavating and publishing the Hittite mound of Caracemish on the Syrian/Turkish border. Then came the war, intelligence work in the Middle East, the revolt in the desert, fame, disillusionment and retreat into the ranks of the peacetime army and RAF. Other literary endeavours intervened. Yet shortly after Lawrence took his degree, the top copy of the thesis was returned to him, for the sake of the photographs, sketches and plans needed for what he then evidently hoped would lead to publication. Haag's edition reproduces the manuscript notes that Lawrence penned in the margins at this time, some of them indicating passages demanding further work, or better evidence; others demonstrating that curious mixture of self-deprecation, uncertainty, perverse humour and flashes of intolerance that so complicated his character.

Although much better than most later critics have allowed, the thesis is fundamentally an old-fashioned polemical work, dedicated to the revision (rather, demolition) of Sir Charles Oman's statement that the "Western builders were for many years timid copyists of the crusading architects". Lawrence's detailed knowledge of early Western European military architecture, plus a gut feeling that the liberators of the Holy Places did not learn everything they knew about fortification on their way to the East, spelled Oman's doom. Gellulme Rey, the leading French authority on the fortifications of the crusading military orders, fared little better: Rey's Syrian field-work was faulted remorselessly and, besides, "he does not know French architecture". No generally here for pioneers. Later generations of scholars returned the compliment. Thus Fedden on Lawrence: "stimulating but often inaccurate", and Boswell: "a provocative study, which owes much of its interest to the personality of the author". The fact is, of course, that with very few primary documents, with Byzantine, Crusader and Arab works sharing many of the same sites, and no firm consensus even on the introduction of such important dated features as the stone *machicolation* (the corbelled-out drop-box or fighting-gallery that at about this time replaced the timber and hide "hoardings" running around the tops of earlier works), it is still fiendishly difficult to determine the sources and chronology of medieval fortification. The sustained building programme and frequent military campaigns of the Crusaders (particularly the Templars and the Hospitallars, with their vast resources and continuity of experience) provided what must have been a uniquely fruitful period of development for military architecture, as lessons were learned by both

sides, local traditions exploited, ideas imported by reinforcements from Europe, and carried home by veterans. Yet hard evidence of such intercourse is lacking, and the dates on which claims for priority depend are notoriously unreliable. Oman was certainly rash to identify only a one-way flow of inspiration from East to West: Lawrence almost equally so in attempting to turn Oman's statement completely on its head.

Lawrence's belief in the value of close personal observation in the field, however, is altogether more modern. As a romantic, he thrilled to the atmosphere of ancient places: the lonely splendour of Crac des Chevaliers, the gigantic ditch cut from solid rock at Saone, even his own first sight of the Mediterranean near Aigues-Mortes, which provoked cries of "Thalassa, Thalassa!" and inspired thoughts of Eastern destiny in the footsteps of St Louis, who had embarked on the Seventh Crusade from the same place. But if, as he believed, physical evidence outweighed any documents, he had to travel. He sketched well and made most of his own plans from paced or estimated dimensions, with what now seems remarkable accuracy. With hindsight we can see the natural military skills that he brought to the evaluation of the defensive potential of sites. Again, with hindsight, we can understand something of the compulsion to push his slight body to the limits of endurance on climbs, treks and gruelling European bicycle expeditions. These are not qualities he sought to conceal, either in the thesis or in his correspondence.

Lawrence's letters to his mother are in many ways more like those addressed to brothers, school friends, or the sporting kind of sister, for they positively revel in the gory details of hardship. The rain, hail, "excruciating roads" and hungry insects of France, of course, proved a mild prelude to the flies, fleas and mosquitoes that feasted on him in Syria, or the "lusty colony of snakes" that barred access to the basement at Saone. Danger is enjoyed in the jocular understated style of the Victorian explorer. Near Masyad, he wrote, shots were exchanged with an incompetent and underarmed robber, which justified his own perseverance in carrying the Mauser (apart from the camera, his only item of heavy luggage).

The publisher's decision to reprint the letters in this edition, however, has given us a lot more than their rippling yarns. Much better than any thesis, the letters reveal the genesis of Lawrence's thinking. The summer of 1906 (before he went up to Oxford) and the long vacations of 1907 and 1908 gave him time to quarter most of France west of the Rhône, immersing himself in the military remains of the medieval world. By July 1908 his "thesis" is already partly formed – at least Coucy, Provins and Château Gaillard ranked equally in the part they were to play in it. "I have no time for sight-seeing: indeed sometimes I wonder if my thesis is to be written this November or next, I find myself composing pages and phrases as I ride." Lawrence was certainly not the first scholar to begin formulating a thesis before all the research was complete. Its gestation, after all, was as long as that of most PhDs. What seems to have become important during his lonely journeys through medieval France was not merely the revision of Oman, but total commitment to the proposition that Western Europe had once planted the products of its own particular architectural genius on the hills of the Holy Land, and perhaps still had a mission to fulfil in that troubled part of the world.

*The Dome: A study in the history of ideas* by E. Baldwin Smith, first published in 1950 (six years before the author's death), has been reissued in the Princeton Monographs in Art and Archaeology series (164pp, with 228 line illustrations. Guildford: Princeton University Press. Paperback, £8.50. 0691 00304 1). Following a discussion of domical origins and of the use of the wooden dome in the Near East and the masonry dome and mortuary tradition in Syria and Palestine, Professor Smith suggests the various symbolic values attached to domical forms in Indian, Islamic and particularly Byzantine tradition, with special significance being placed on mortuary in the evolution of church architecture. Literary sources, the evidence of coins, and religious beliefs are drawn upon to support the theory.

## FICTION

Allan Massie  
AUGUSTUS  
Far more entertaining than Robert Graves' *CLAUDIUS*. AUGUSTUS proves that Massie is the best novelist north of the Scots border.  
Andrew Sinclair  
The Times  
'Allan Massie's best novel to date, and a great achievement by any standard'  
Joseph Farrell  
Scotsman  
0370 307577 7 288 pages £9.95

Elizabeth Forsythe Hailey  
JOANNA'S HUSBAND & DAVID'S WIFE  
'Elizabeth Forsythe Hailey creates such realistic, warm characters that you end up understanding and liking both'  
The Lady  
0370 30796 8 328 pages £9.95

Bob Coleman  
THE LATER ADVENTURES OF TOM JONES  
0370 30755 0 352 pages £10.95

Ronald Frame  
A LONG WEEKEND WITH MARCEL PROUST  
Seven Stories and a Novel  
'(His) new collection of seven short stories and a novel enhances his reputation as one of our most gifted young writers'  
John Nicholson  
The Times  
0370 31015 2 208 pages £9.95

Partap Sharma  
DAYS OF THE TURBAN  
0370 310101 400 pages November £9.95

Garry Kilworth  
WITCHWATER COUNTRY  
0208 30790 9 208 pages £9.95

Paul Geddes  
GOLIATH  
'Grips like a limpet mine'  
Mathew Coady  
Guardian  
0370 30793 3 304 pages £9.95

## NON-FICTION

Lee Durrell  
STATE OF THE ARK  
Foreword by Gerald Durrell  
0370 30754 2 224 pages October £12.95  
Illustrated throughout with maps and colour photographs

Michael Dwyer  
THE TITANIC: The Full Story of a Tragedy  
'His book on the tragedy reads extremely well and is the product of thorough research into all aspects of the story'  
Dan Van der Vat  
Guardian  
0370 30764 X 288 pages £12.95  
16 pages of black & white photographs

Karen Osborne  
'ELIZABETH'  
The Author of 'Elizabeth & Her German Garden'  
0370 30887 5 352 pages £15.00  
16 pages of black & white photographs

Jacqueline Bograd Weld  
PEGGY  
The Wayward Guggenheim  
0370 31022 5 520 pages £15.00  
32 pages of black & white photographs

Tristan Jones  
THE IMPROBABLE VOYAGE of the Yacht 'Outward Leg' into, through, and out of the heart of Europe  
0370 31014 4 288 pages £12.95  
16 pages of black & white photographs

Elizabeth Hurt  
VICTORIA, MY DAUGHTER  
A True Story of Courage  
'Not merely an account of the tragedy of losing a child, it is a tribute to a child whose courage has lessons for us all'  
Lea Rodwell  
The Times  
0370 30795 X 176 pages £9.95  
8 pages of black & white photographs

David Emery & Stan Greenberg  
WORLD SPORTING RECORDS  
'An interesting, thought-provoking book that deserves to find its place in many a Christmas stocking before the year is out'  
Michael Fitzpatrick  
Today  
0370 30746 1 Hardback £10.95  
0370 30747 X Paperback £6.95  
Illustrated throughout with colour and black & white photographs

Derek Humphry & Ann Wickett  
RIGHT TO DIE  
Understanding Euthanasia  
'The presentation of both fact and problems is admirably clear, straightforward and well documented'  
Maurice Cranston  
Listener  
0370 31009 8 384 pages £12.95

Helene Moazkiewicz  
INSIDE THE GESTAPO  
A Young Woman's Secret War  
0370 30794 1 200 pages £10.95

Albert & Joan Seaton  
THE SOVIET ARMY, 1918 TO THE PRESENT  
0370 30535 3 304 pages November £12.50  
16 pages of black & white photographs

KOBBE'S COMPLETE OPERA BOOK  
Edited and Revised by The Earl of Harewood  
0370 31017 9 1408 pages January £30.00  
32 pages of black & white photographs



THE BODLEY HEAD



## Shudder reader

Lindsay Duguid

BERYL BAINBRIDGE  
*Filthy Lucre*, or *The Tragedy of Andrew Ledwhistle and Richard Snelway*  
 149pp. Duckworth. £8.95.  
 07156 21246

*Filthy Lucre*, written in 1946 when the author was thirteen, comes quite late in Beryl Bainbridge's juvenile literary career: after early stories of an old sea-dog named Cherry Blossom Bill, a fictionalized in-depth account of her parents' marriage and a three-year D. H. Lawrence period. It was written, Bainbridge tells us in her disarmingly detached introduction, as a distraction from the bickering of her mother and father, there being no television in those days. It is dedicated to the author of *Dismal England*.

Clearly a book that denuded to be written, *Filthy Lucre* displays few compositional uncertainties, few of those enemies of promise with which adult authors have to contend. The plot — a complicated saga, stretched over several generations, involving inheritance, impersonation, revenge, shipwreck, drunkenness and ninety deaths — has, one feels, hardly been nether at all. What Bainbridge is really interested in is style, and it is here that she really lets herself go. The book hursts with dramatic touches and with the recklessly abundant voca-

bulary of early adolescence: "a wharf where the slimy Thunies moves like some loathsome adder"; "Tis très sad, he murmured"; "a frail, voluptuous, senile old hag of nearly 86". Anna has obviously gone into the names: Ernest Ledwhistle, Gasper Liverwick, Martin Andromiky, Rupert Bigarstaf.

The influence of Dickens is everywhere apparent — in the broad canvas, the large cast of characters (the Ledwhistle family tree which the author kindly provides contains sixteen members, some neatly characterized as "A spinster", "A drunkard", "A girl" and "No one important") and, above all, the frontal address to the reader: "Shudder reader for it is none other than..."; "God is not mocked"; and at one stage, "Read more slowly". But the exotic settings, which include a tropical island where oil is discovered and a Virginian plantation echoing to snatches of Negro spirituals, recall Defoe and Stevenson. The piling on of dramatic pressure and the technical virtuosity that Bainbridge shows in her use of flashbacks are alarmingly confident, and it is somewhat reassuring to find that she thinks a mongoose is a large bird.

The whole has an appealing naivety which her publishers have done their best to preserve. Now that Beryl Bainbridge has grown up, her best friend's husband has produced the book for her, artfully reproducing the family tree, correcting the spelling and even having her own detailed and striking illustrations redrawn.

## Yearnings for infidelity

Toby Fitton

JOHN MOLE  
*The Monogamist*  
 233pp. Century. £9.95.  
 07126 95028

John Mole has repeated the success he had last year with the well-paced farce *Snail or Return*, but it is the repetition rather than the success that is disconcerting. Marital discord among the rising middle classes is a rich but not inexhaustible vein, and many of the same features — domestic bickering, drunken mishaps and rookery-nookery of a traditional kind — are deployed again. The reader straining with this second novel will not be troubled by the similarities, and can enjoy a frothy romp.

Alex(andra) and Tony, as comfortably un-

tidy in their marriage as in their domestic surroundings, begin to feel that after ten years they ought to be bored with each other. Upwardly mobile from a base of small newsagents' shops, they find themselves as token monogamists on the fringe of a suburban wife-swapping circle, and yearnings towards infidelity are encouraged. Alex takes a book-keeping course and fails, unavailingly, for the gay Marxist lecturer; Tony lays false scents inferring a phantom adultery. Separate fantasies become interlocking delusions, causing both parties a good deal of ingeniously-managed anguish before all is happily sorted out.

Mole experiments this time with random chatter shown omniphonally in double columns, and with undifferentiated passages of imagined action followed by the more sober reality. Discretion is usually shown to be the better part of valour in these robust intramarital exchanges, but the formula is too frequently repeated for

separate shower. He reminded her of the BUPA membership, the index-linked pension, the shares and dividends. Lively's achievement in these stories is that, rather than providing a John Braine-like catalogue, such comforts add to a sense of the characters' unease. Perhaps the most effective of the new stories is "The French Exchange". Ostensibly an account of a family outing for a picnic with all the trimmings near an "old camp", the story is a relentless exposure of jocular ignorance, proceeding stage by stage with each innocent question from a visiting French boy — "I am interest in astronomy, philosophy and the music of Mozart". A similar weariness with culture, not to mention lousy snail-dinner, informs "A Long Night at Abu Simbel". In which a "Maglours" party, abandoned by its courier, endures a

Fit

Probably merely twinge of dyspepsia,  
 nothing at all, just tremulous tightness to  
 left of the sternum, absolutely  
 peak of condition and body tip-top.

stick to the Perrier more in the future, high fibre diet  
 jogging, longevity, yes, jogging, longevity, yes.

PETER READING

## Ordinary anguish

Jo-Ann Goodwin

TIM PARKS  
*Loving Roger*  
 151pp. Heinemann. £9.95.  
 0434577367

Anna is a typist at TT, remarkable only for her ordinariness. She lives with her parents, who remain deep in mourning for her brother, Brian, killed in a car crash years ago. Anna's feelings are important to no one but herself. She remains cramped into a tiny box room, Brian's spacious bedroom next door maintained by her parents as a shrine. Her boyfriend, Malcolm, whom she has been seeing since the third year at school, digs up worms from her parents' garden to use for fish bait; and constantly but unenthusiastically suggests that they should marry.

In the midst of this mediocrity and boredom, Roger Cruikshank arrives to work as a typetting executive at TT. Tall, blond, middle-class and agotistical, he seems to Anna to have stepped from the pages of the romantic novels she constantly reads. The relationship they embark on is conducted in terms of deepest secrecy. Only Neville, Roger's closest friend and a Cambridge academic, is allowed to know of their mutual involvement. When Anna becomes pregnant, Neville is the only outsider to know the identity of the baby's father.

As the novel proceeds, the pressures engen-

dered by the relationship become increasingly hard to control. Roger goes to America on behalf of TT and is, predictably, unfaithful. Anna, left alone to endure her pregnancy and the birth of the child, examines her commitment to Roger and begins to understand the dangerous nature of her feelings. We realize that her self-assertion will be violent, bloody and irresistible.

In *Loving Roger* Tim Parks exhibits an astonishing control over the tone of his writing, and it is this discipline which makes the novel such an impressive achievement. Roger is a nightmare of self-regard, his attraction to Anna partly physical, but largely based on his desire to "write". He regards her as an excellent source of material — she recounts the office gossip, which he intends to use in a play, with an honesty and perception that Roger finds fetching and surprising.

The bulk of the novel is written in the first person, and it is the voice of Anna we hear explaining her obsession, describing the humiliation and anger she feels with the same honesty which so amazes Roger. Anna is a triumph: her experience points to the truth that none of us is ordinary. Even those who read *The Far Pavilions* are also capable of anguish. Those who ignore this do so, as in Roger's case, at their peril.

It is Roger, for all his pretensions to artistic status, for all the hours spent at the typewriter composing his poetry and plays, who is ultimately mundane. The excerpts from his diaries are characterized by an entirely adolescent desire for self-dramatization. Therein lies the core of the problem; Anna is an adult, and Roger simply refuses to accept life on adult terms, insisting on remaining a sort of *enfant terrible*, living by a set of rules formulated at school and university: all of which will lead, inevitably, to the violent denouement of the novel.

Isabel Scholes

PAT BARKER  
*The Century's Daughter*  
 248pp. Virago. £9.95 (paperback, £3.50).  
 018068666X

Lisa Jarrett, born on the stroke of midnight, 1900, is the sole tenant of a row of houses due for demolition. Half blind, her shawl stained with paint-droppings (the work of Nelson, rescued from a pub in 1967), she finds a sympathetic audience in Stephen, her social worker.

He, however, has his own troubles — which, though incidental to the plot, are essential to the continuation of the novel beyond its opening characters. Otherwise, naive though he is, Stephen could hardly fail to spot in Lisa the early signs of the unstoppable bore. Recalling dreams ("I dreamt about a seal the other night") or declaring that "being good in bed [holds] a marriage together", she gives the lie to the novel's assumption that to be old (and more particularly to be "Northern") inevitably confers wisdom.

Larger issues — the purpose of social work, the disintegration of working-class culture — are touched on only to be trivialized, though they reveal all the more with each other as neighbours, and leave one eager for Penelope Lively's new novel, announced for next spring: its subject is tonk-warfare.

## Old, not wise

Isabel Scholes

PAT BARKER  
*The Century's Daughter*  
 248pp. Virago. £9.95 (paperback, £3.50).  
 018068666X

Lisa Jarrett, born on the stroke of midnight, 1900, is the sole tenant of a row of houses due for demolition. Half blind, her shawl stained with paint-droppings (the work of Nelson, rescued from a pub in 1967), she finds a sympathetic audience in Stephen, her social worker.

He, however, has his own troubles — which, though incidental to the plot, are essential to the continuation of the novel beyond its opening characters. Otherwise, naive though he is, Stephen could hardly fail to spot in Lisa the early signs of the unstoppable bore. Recalling dreams ("I dreamt about a seal the other night") or declaring that "being good in bed [holds] a marriage together", she gives the lie to the novel's assumption that to be old (and more particularly to be "Northern") inevitably confers wisdom.

Larger issues — the purpose of social work, the disintegration of working-class culture — are touched on only to be trivialized, though they reveal all the more with each other as neighbours, and leave one eager for Penelope Lively's new novel, announced for next spring: its subject is tonk-warfare.

Larger issues — the purpose of social work, the disintegration of working-class culture — are touched on only to be trivialized, though they reveal all the more with each other as neighbours, and leave one eager for Penelope Lively's new novel, announced for next spring: its subject is tonk-warfare.

## Ghosts in the light of day

Mark Casserley

RONALD FRAME  
*Along Weekend With Marcel Proust: Seven short stories and a novel*  
 198pp. Bodley Head. £9.95.  
 0270310152

The subtitle of this collection is a reminder that the publication of short novels has been problematical since Henry James's day. The solution here is to make Ronald Frame's *Prelude and Fugue* into a Trilium among minnows; but the stories are not simply make-weights, for they are related thematically to the novel, and, in a sense, prepare the way for it. Frame's characters attempt to come to terms with the past, to discover the truth about it, or to conceal it from themselves; but nothing will enable them to escape from it. They are aware, in the present, of the passage of time and the process of ageing, and their contact with one another is permeated — especially in marriage and within the family — by unease and dislocation. Like much modern English fiction, these stories exemplify an ethic of disenchantment, and an aesthetic of limitations. Frame's prose is astringent, careful and clear. A tone of voice that is at times remorselessly insisted on

## The chic of a chiselled *chéri*

Lesley Chamberlain

RUDOLPH NASSAUER  
*Kramer's Goals*  
 178pp. Peter Owen. £10.50.  
 0720606594

Fabrice is a mad, inspirational poet whose life is recorded in five "notebooks" of sensational prose he hands to his twin brother as the ambulance men arrive; but his inner life and the writings so lack depth, one is tempted to say that Rudolf Nassauer's sixth novel resembles not madness or even relative sanity, but rather a void into itself which does not invite reading, the "you know's" and "as you can imagine's" notwithstanding. Even given that Fabrice is a Jungian analysis, sentences such as "In short, her fear of dropping you expressed by her tight hold entered you" (conveying of course the analyst's verdict on the poet's mother) and "she chiselled me with her wilfulness to make an image of me which had to

## Among the soiled creatures

Philip Melt

DENNIS POTTER  
*Ticket to Ride*  
 207pp. Faber. £9.95.  
 019114523X

Dennis Potter is famous for his television plays such as *Pennies from Heaven* and *Blue Remembered Hills*; but he is less well known as a novelist. His latest work of fiction, *Ticket to Ride*, is a confusing psychological thriller about John, an art director who has been sacked from a London advertising agency. The novel opens with John losing his memory while he is on a train journey to London. Having no ticket and no means of identification, just a pocketful of money and a suspicion that he has committed some crime, John books into a Paddington hotel.

From there on, the novel lurches into a sequence of flashbacks: John's former life in the country and his unhappy childhood, punctuated by powerful descriptive passages set in London, and the strange goings-on of his wife, who is portrayed as a fallen woman. When he was sacked from the agency, John began drawing wild flowers in painstaking detail. This obsession is traced back to his tyrannical and melodramatically oppressive father, who forced John to study and memorize all the native plants of the woodlands around their vicarage home. But John's attempt at a new career also fails when his publisher rejects the drawings. John's amnesia may be the result of problems with his work, although there is a suggestion

serves to heighten and individualize a vision that Frame embeds in a series of portentous epigraphs (from Akhmatova, Carlos Fuentes, Virginia Woolf): literary grid-references, perhaps.

In "The Lunch Table", two old friends meet regularly, and behind the women's pleasurable dwelling on their youth in the 1960s lies unsatisfactory marriages and the prospect of middle age. The story seems at first to have nothing to it, but one finishes it with a different opinion, though irritated, perhaps, by the unsparing omniscience of Frame's bird's-eye narratorial viewpoint. Other stories show him trying to avoid this, in "The Camelhair Jacket", the incident that disturbs a husband and wife is recounted by each of them independently to a third party, who then informs the narrator, but is unable to give any idea of the final outcome. First-person narration superimposes the narrator's character, and especially the narrator's relationship with the past, on Frame's exposition of the situation. The title story is an example of this, as is "The Blue Jug", which gives a convincing richness to an old woman's memories of her life with a great artist, and its reflection in his paintings; here, satisfaction lies in the power of objects, not in the relationships of people. "Merlewood" is perhaps the most impressive example of this style; the narrator

content with my reality and the discontent of her creative ability, poor cow" (ditto the patient's) do not win confidence.

Fabrice by his own account appears in Austria, Earl's Court, South Africa and Paris, mainly with Annie, a cute French girl who pouts, calls him *chéri*, reveres his work and is great in bed except when she is learning to drive. He may or may not commit arson and murder. Like his creator, this Venetian-born poet writes, sometimes works in the wine trade, and fled from the Nazis around 1939. His life, conscious and unconscious, is compounded of the brutal and the chic, regularly washed down with lots of "delicious coffee", though now and again he bankers after lost poverty and squalor. To the brutal/brutish side, beginning with the cow who bore him, belong the "pure (sic) Aryan" goats of the novel's title, and the persecution of the Jews. But these two worst experiences, whether lived or dreamt, take other forms. The mother is a spider at the centre of her web, an umbrella

that his memory loss is a reaction to some unspeakable (and effectively unspeakable) act of violence. The only certain thing is that Potter avoids any kind of clarity.

What results is an impressionistic collection of disjointed episodes, all beautifully described but studiously and disappointingly vague. The author obviously dislikes what he sees as the dissipation of London life — the litter of fast-food hamburgers, the "sardonic... working-class males" and the jaded prostitutes — all part of "A scene left by the receding bilge". But the countryside retreat of the amnesiac anti-hero is also the scene of desperate unhappiness. John's wife, Helen, whom he first met in a London hotel in some fold of his tortured memory, wanders from crisis to crisis, identifi-

WILLIAM MARSHALL  
*Head First*  
 186pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.50.  
 0436273292

Another of William Marshall's stories of everyday life at the Yellowhead Street police station in Hong Kong. Auden, disguised as a Sikh postman, is delivering letters and writing for someone to blow him up. O'Yee is a swapping quotes from Thoreau on the telephone with a mysterious unknown woman, and Feiffer is trying to find out who is digging up and dismembering the corpses of people who have been buried in Hong Kong. In a word, the usual wholly original and addictive blend of frenetic activity, anthropology, cunning plot, broad farce and tragedy.

muses on a photograph of his family, taken during a boyhood holiday at their house in the Western Isles. His unease and distress lead to the conclusion that his father's supposedly accidental death was suicide, and that he had already made his decision when the photograph was taken. Reminders of *To the Lighthouse* (there is a tall rock out in the bay, off which the narrator's father probably threw himself) are present, but ironically so.

The narrative of *Prelude and Fugue* is divided among several "voices", so that Helen Wilmet's memories of childhood, of the sinister Nanny Hine, and of a relationship with her father that reeks of undeclared incestuous desires, coexist with her baffling and frightening life in wartime London, after his death in an air-raid. But there is also the experience of the fire itself, and a narrative that seems to come from outside her. It seems that she is engaged in flight, in a search, and in a struggle to maintain her identity. Her attempt to resist the idea that she is already dead, and the growing feeling that she is living in a country of the dead, are a powerful testimony to Frame's psychological depth, his awareness of interpersonal tensions, and the special dimension of the continued everyday existence within which his protagonist strives to remain — a sense of ghosts existing in the light of common day.

felicitist and the lover of Josef Mengele; the prize Nazi goats, shot to nvenge the sins at Belsen, are scapegoats of consciousness. It is a pity that these pictures don't add intensity and energy to the narrative, and even more regrettable that the sex, even when Mann opens her legs to the doctor, is reckorable as chic.

The point of framing this "journal" with a brief fraternal introduction seems to be to remind us how hard it is to distinguish fact from fiction, especially in disturbed minds, and the message is reinforced by the suggestion that the identical but oppositely endowed brother (same, undersexed, self-deprecating) is only an *alter ego*. This is a therapeutic intention for the serious novel to assume. But Nassauer's piece of gratuitous non-storytelling dives for deep meaning with too light a head, floats on the dreams, wallows in the muddy waters, and all that without providing entertainment. The very slight historical content needn't have been given in the author's native German, which tempted someone to misspell *Kristallnacht*.

fied, enigmatically, with the London whores, with their "heavy eyelids and a crimson gasb of a mouth", who form the multitude of "soiled creatures passing up and down the street". Bemused by the emotional waywardness of her husband, and frightened by his sudden changes of mood, Helen takes comfort in the dark possibilities presented by a kitchen knife.

There is no resolution of any of these anxieties. By the end of the novel, John's memory may or may not have returned; and Helen may be the victim, or the perpetrator, of a chilling crime. This is a depressing novel, but the psychological thrill is watered down by its mannered style and complex structure, which promise an exciting journey but never seem to get us very far.

M.R.D. MEEK  
*In Remembrance of Rose*  
 205pp. Collins. £7.95.  
 0002144339

Lennox Kemp, now back in practice as a solicitor and running the partnership's branch office in Newtown, draws up Rose Amnury's will. A week later she is dead; killed, it's presumed, by the burglar who broke into her house. When Kemp investigates further he's warned off, both violently and by the authorities. Excellent scene-setting, solid and varied characters, convincing dialogue, and impressively portrayed evil. But the whole somewhat deflated by an intrigue which effectively exists at one remove from the action.

T. J. Blayton

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL  
 1836-1986  
**150**  
 YEARS OF  
 GREAT PUBLISHING

## The Victorian Countryside

In Two Volumes

Edited by G. E. MINGAY

Ranges widely and imaginatively over the field of Victorian rural history, and is especially notable for the inclusion of studies by younger historians on folk life and oral history. TLS

'A feast of marvellous topics.' -

RIBA Journal

07102 08847 (vol 1).

07102 08855 (vol 2).

Paperback £10.95 each.

07102 08863 (3 set), £19.95.

## The Newton Handbook

DEREK GJERTSEN

Newton's role in the history of thought is indisputable, and his spheres of interest and influence both wide-ranging and far-reaching. The Handbook contains over 500 alphabetically ordered entries covering every aspect of Newton's life and work. The diversity of its contents reflects the diversity of Newton's achievements and influence, and makes fascinating reading.

07102 02792, £22.50.

## A Traveller's Guide to Places of Worship

CHARLES KIGHTLY  
 with photographs by  
 MICHAEL CYPRIEN

Charles Kightly has written a book to inform, interest and entertain the reader with his sharply observed selection of more than 110 places of worship to visit in Britain, from sacred prehistoric sites to the humblest of churches and the grandest of cathedrals. The text is richly illustrated with photographs by Michael Cyprien.

07102 0911X, £9.95.

## The High Middle Ages, 1200-1540

TREVOR ROWLEY

Much of the High Middle Ages survives to this day, in castles, cathedrals, churches and chapels, and in the street maps of historic towns. Most of this massive change to the landscape and environment was achieved in the period covered by this book. Trevor Rowley shows that the later middle ages were a period not of decay but of rapid change, the zenith of medieval achievement.

07100 98154, £12.95.

The Making of Britain Series

## Music, Mysticism and Magic

A Sourcebook  
 JOSCELYN GODWIN

This sourcebook, the first of its kind, expands the current, limited view of what music is and what it can do. Spanning over 2,000 years, and covering the worlds of classical paganism, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, the voices which speak here are astonishingly unanimous. Music, they say, is much more than entertainment or an emotional stimulus. It is a royal road to the direct apprehension of the Divine.

07102 09045, £25.00.

ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL  
 11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE.



# Learning to survive

Michael Kazin

ALEXANDER KEYSAR  
*Out of Work: The first century of unemployment in Massachusetts*  
460pp. Cambridge University Press. £45 (paperback, £12.50).  
0521230161

Unemployment is one of the most persistent ills of capitalist society, but we know little about its past. As with other neglected historical subjects, the reason must be sought mainly in the realm of cultural prejudice. Throughout the nineteenth century, elite and middle-class opinion in both Britain and the United States held that jobless workers were merely idlers who lacked the energy and determination to find and retain employment. "If it rained twenty-dollar gold pieces until noon every day, at night there would be some men begging for their suppers," said the California railroad magnate and politician Leland Stanford, voicing a sentiment with which, at the time, only charity volunteers and labour activists publicly disagreed. A century later, some men of influence still echo Stanford's view. President Reagan, for example, has referred to the pages of "want" advertisements in daily papers as evidence that joblessness is an individual failing.

The unusually long Depression of the 1930s did provoke American social scientists to chart and explain unemployment. It also moved the job-holding but insecure minority to adopt a more understanding attitude. But the few historians who took up the subject focused on such topics as the origins of social insurance and the intellectual discovery of the business cycle. They wrote, in other words, about the "problem" of unemployment, not about unemployed people themselves.

Alexander Keyssar's book breaks this unjustifiable silence. The product of over a decade's research about Massachusetts, the first American state to measure joblessness (beginning in the 1870s), it contains the fullest quantitative analysis so far carried out of the subject. A nuanced description of how the unemployed survived before the onset of state-funded relief, a broad narrative of unemployment politics up to the 1930s, and a provocative argument about the limits of twentieth-century re-

forms that aim to "manage" rather than eliminate the problem.

Unemployment did not exist in the contemporary meaning of the term until wage labour became the dominant economic system in the Western world. America's industrial revolution began about 1800 in the textile mills of Massachusetts, but the state's population of small farmers and self-employed artisans continued to alternate between manufacturing and crop-raising during the era of the Civil War. "Men and women who had more than one occupation," notes Keyssar, "were . . . poor candidates for idleness." However, worn-out land and the promise of steady mill work impelled both native-born and immigrant to take a variety of permanent jobs, and this also made them perpetual candidates for joblessness.

Keyssar, in an expert display of computerized history, shows that, from 1870 to 1920, unemployment in the heavily industrialized state was a pervasive phenomenon, experienced by workers in all trades and at every level of skill. During years of prosperity, the annual jobless rate hovered close to 10 per cent, but the frequency of unemployment (workers without a job for a stretch of weeks or months) averaged three times higher. When depressions struck — as they did once each decade — every second working-class Massachusettsan could expect to miss several pay envelopes during the year. Surprisingly, women workers and the state's small black population were out of work less often than white men. The domestic, service, and clerical jobs that they held were steadier — if usually lower-paying — than seasonal occupations like bricklaying and stevedoring which custom, at least in New England, reserved for male Caucasians.

Keyssar, through anecdotes and second-hand reports, shows us the many ways in which the unemployed coped with their condition. Thousands took to the road as temporary or permanent "tramps", most did "odd jobs" from shovelling snow to modelling for art classes, all gave up buying new clothes and meat; all relied on ethnic, neighbourhood, and family ties which of necessity were strengthened by a chronically unstable economy. Keyssar does discover, in the records of the state medical examiner, a few terse descriptions of suicides: "Out of work and despondent for a long while,

Body found floating in the Charles." But the main image conveyed is that of people who learned how to survive unemployment precisely because it was such a common if painful aspect of their lives.

When he turns to political history, Keyssar demonstrates that institutional responses to a major "social problem" always reflect differences between the aspirants to and the holders of power. Trade unions, which never represented a majority of the labour force, acted defensively. Seeking steady work for their members, they tried to limit the number of apprentices, keep women at home, convince employers to lay off younger workers first, and urged the government to create jobs. At the same time, reformist legislators and intellectuals like John R. Commons and, in England, Beveridge had developed a new analysis of unemployment which blamed an inefficient "system" rather than its victims. "Reasonable security of employment . . . is the mother of industrial morality," counselled one reformer. "Joblessness is next to godlessness." But businessmen rejected voluntary social insurance plans as too costly, and it took a depression lengthy enough to be labelled "great" to convert well-meaning liberal sympathies into law.

Keyssar qualifies his conclusions with the

## Roots and branches

Ian Duffield

WILLIAM L. ANDREWS  
*To Tell a Free Story: The first century of Afro-American autobiography, 1760-1865*  
353pp. University of Illinois Press. \$25.95.  
0252012224

RUTH POLK PATTERSON  
*The Seed of Sally Good'n: A black family of Arkansas, 1833-1953*  
183pp. University Press of Kentucky. £17.95.  
0813115418

The rediscovery and analysis of slave narratives, and the writing of black family history, now constitute a major area of scholarly and literary activity in the United States, and both *To Tell a Free Story* and *The Seed of Sally Good'n* make their own distinctive contributions to the field.

On the face of things, William Andrews's book is the weightier in more than length. His theoretical approach is that of semiology, sociolinguistics and allied trades, which will alert readers to expect some pretty rebarbative prose. He is confidently combative. John W. Blassingame, although patted on the head for his "excellent compilation", *Slave Testimony*, is taken to task for his belief that the integrity of white editors is any guarantee that they did not alter their author's texts. Andrews points out that these editors controlled the interpretation, emphasis, order and selection of what appeared in print, and he evidently feels that Blassingame is naïve. Indeed, at the core of Andrews's work is a convincingly presented struggle between white editors (with the resources of the anti-slavery movement behind them) and black authors who found their narratives tailored and programmed.

Those whose works most offend propriety, as understood by whites, and dared to change the nature of slave narrative discourse, are extolled. This leads to the revision of some reputations. Harriet Jacobs's *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861) is no longer seen as unreliable; Frederick Douglass's *My Bondage and My Freedom* (1855) no longer regarded as a puffed rehash of his *Narrative* (1845). Since the lives and writings of blacks in Britain partly paralleled and certainly intersected with those of blacks in the United States during Andrews's period, it is a pity that he observes his own North American limits so strictly. His main transatlantic interest is in the reception of Douglass, William Wells Brown and suchlike in the drawing-rooms and on the public platforms of the great and the good in Victorian Britain.

Andrews does address the writings of James Gronkissaw and Claudah Equiano, two essentially Afro-British authors, and recognizes

inevitable exceptions and he points out how changes in the language used about the unemployed also indicate a transformation of attitudes. His only error comes toward the end when he leaps past his evidence to argue that the reforms of the 1930s — unemployment insurance and seniority systems guaranteed by union contract — have changed only the types of workers most likely to be laid off (especially blacks) and "did not terminate or diminish the reliance of American capitalism upon a reserve army of labour".

Unthinking bromides about "progress" aside, it is a historic advance that reducing unemployment has become a responsibility of the state. Jobless men and women now have a thin but reliable cushion on which to fall; demands for more government-funded employment are politically legitimate even though difficult to win, in the face of huge budget deficits. Moreover, the some unions that defend seniority rules also advocate economic planning to guarantee full employment. Making joblessness more egalitarian would help nobody.

Despite his radical cynicism about the present, Keyssar's volume is a scholarly tour de force. Future historians will not be able to study the subject of labour without taking into account that part of the work force which could not find work to do.

Equiano's exceptional independence among early slave narrators. However, on Equiano is not at his best. Equiano was not the son of a nobleman but of a man with a title. Among lobs, titles strictly reflected achieved, not ascribed status, and were not hereditary. Andrews seems unaware of the arguments of Paul Edwards and G. I. Jones about interpolation and ghosting in Equiano's *Interesting Narrative* (1789). It is true that Equiano skillfully juxtaposes the virtues of his simplicity with the vices of a materially and technically more advanced white civilization, but to what extent is this really an "Ibo perspective"? Such a contrast would have been meaningless within Ibo society, one of the least urbanized settled societies in West Africa. Equiano's effect relies on astute application of Westernness (in a way subversive of Western notions of superiority).

Ruth Polk Patterson has written a thoughtful and moving history of her own family from its origins in the family that Taylor Polk (of the famous white family that produced President Polk) sired on an Afro-Indian slave woman on the Arkansas frontier in the 1830s. It is a courageous book, in that it never flinches from facing the painful contradictions that this inheritance inflicted on her grandfather, Spencer Polk, and his heirs. It is unusual for its genre in that it utilizes an archaeological survey of the Spencer Polk homestead at Muddy Fork to recreate and evoke the life of the Polk family until poverty and racism drove them all away during her own childhood in the 1930s.

Not that the family had always lived in poverty. Spencer amassed over 500 acres in land, to secure the ample sustenance of his extended family and the respect of his neighbours, black and white. But this was a precarious security. Two of his sons, Charles and Jimmy, were victims of white homicidal violence after treading across the lines drawn by the dominant society. His daughters, especially had it easier; brought up to be ladylike and acceptable (unlike their brothers) at the social functions of white neighbours, they grew up to be deeply unhappy women. One, Frances, was prevented from marrying the son of blacker neighbours, the Bullocks, and lived thereafter in unhappy spinsterhood. In the next generation, Dr Patterson's rather salubrious father, Arthur, struggled against hard times and harder hearts to maintain the extended family on its homestead. His resident stepsister gave the cold shoulder to his dark-complexioned wife, a Bullock. The nadir came with family dispersal and ruin of the homestead in the 1930s. Tough and resourceful as ever, the following generations have a proud record of achievement in education, the professions, business, the armed forces and athletics. Their family history, past and present, is a salutary corrective of stereotyped images of black life.

## Making of a martyr

Christopher Brooke

FRANK BARLOW  
*Thomas Becket*  
334pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £14.95.  
0297289082

A generation ago most professional historians assumed that historical biography was a feature of Victorian culture which would only survive in popular esteem. History was an analytic subject; intellectual history was respectable, social history the rage; narrative was dead. The tide of fashion has changed, and Frank Barlow has long been one of the most distinguished exponents of new-style biography, and narrative history, among our senior medievalists. His *Edward the Confessor* (1970) and *William Rufus* (1983) are classics of biography in this sense: they are essentially detailed studies of political history, shot through with precise and intelligent summaries of the wider context of their heroes, from time to time lit up by vivid touches of insight and humour.

The quality of the sources, and the drama of his death and afterlife, have made Thomas Becket the ideal subject of medieval biography. A dozen or so contemporaries attempted the task; and the archbishop himself inspired before his death on enterprise which led to the survival of many hundreds of letters written in the heat of the crisis of his pontificate, between 1162 and 1170. The years of exile and his death are uniquely well documented for their age, and much deep research has gone into their study. Yet there has been no detailed biography since 1859 — though Raymonde Foreville's *L'Eglise et la royauté* (1943) goes very closely over much of the ground — and most of the short biographies are of little worth. Professor Barlow sets W. H. Hutton's (1910) above the rest; my own preference is for David Knowles (1970). But Knowles himself thought, as most of us have, that much more intensive study and re-editing of the letters were needed before a large-scale biography should be attempted; and although some of the letters have been re-edited, including those of Arnulf of Lisieux (by Barlow himself), Gilbert Foliot, John of Salisbury and Adam of Tewkesbury — and Anae Duggan has published a study of Thomas Becket: *A textual history of his letters* (1980) to which Barlow rightly pays homage — her edition of the rest of the corpus is still under way.

But Barlow's *Thomas Becket* is a triumphant success in spite of us all. The whole story is here: the first steps of the ambitious young Londoner who found patronage in the talented circle of Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury; his rise in the mid-1150s to be archdeacon of Canterbury and chancellor to the young King Henry II; his promotion by the king's patronage to the throne of Canterbury and the rapid change which led to confrontation with Henry and six years of exile; the patched-up reconciliation, with the murder in the cathedral by a group of royal barons following hard on its heels; and the amazing sequel, in which friends and foes came to compete in doing him honour and raising the new cathedral choir, which is still radiant with much of its original glass, as a monument to the "blissful martyr". Those of us who have spent long years struggling with the material and its problems will find holes to pick. But Barlow makes systematic use of all the known evidence and very nearly all the modern studies — even the most recent books and articles; he appraises it all in his own independent way, allows a cool judgment and an admiration of the main protagonists well this side of idolatry, to play upon them; and the result is a detailed life of Becket which shows all the learning, shrewdness, and the occasional flashes of wit, that we expect of him.

I offer some minor caveats. The first is against the publishers. This book is on so great a subject, and so well written that it should command attention from intelligent readers over many years; but it is also a goldmine for the expert, and he has been ill served. The footnotes are not only at the back, they are as anonymous as one can well make them — my first task in reading the book was to note the pages to which they refer, which could easily have been provided in running heads. As exists in the 1970s many of us accepted end-notes as a lesser evil than their total suppression. Now

the cost of printing is going down; there is no longer any adequate excuse for end-notes in books of this character, and the inconvenience is excruciating. The publishers have served author and public well in allowing numerous illustrations — most of them brilliantly chosen, one conjectures, by a happy collaboration between author and publishers. But one hopes that in a future edition plate 23 will really show us the marvellous portal at Vézelay with the tympanum of the Pentecost — through which Becket walked on the feast of the Pentecost in 1166 to utter his thunders against his enemies in the English court — and not what appears to be a museum replica.

The author takes us, lucidly and effectively, through every phase of Becket's life; the detail is so compelling, the care so great, as to compensate for a certain coolness in his tone. He writes well, sometimes eloquently, but carefully eschews the jewelled prose and psychological insights of Knowles. His approach is not unimaginative, yet he fails to give the reader the impact of some of the best of the sources, especially of the letters. When Becket was royal chancellor, and his old master, Archbishop Theobald, approaching his end, John of Salisbury wrote a series of letters to sound out if it was possible for Timmas to visit the archbishop on his deathbed. They are written with the subtlety of Jane Austen, and expose to us the predicament of a man under double patronage — client, servant both of king and archbishop — as no other documents of the age reveal them. Barlow refers to them but he neither quotes nor interprets their message; his account of Thomas's position in these years is full of shrewd touches, but the exceptional impact of the most revealing of contemporary sources is missed. There is indeed no appraisal of the letters as sources, nor of the development of modern scholarship on the crisis — though many a note generously acknowledges the work that has been done on this or that person or problem or document.

I suspect that the truth is that twelfth-century Latin letters have a rhetoric alien to Barlow's purpose. His purpose is to tell an unvarnished version of a story so interesting, so remarkable, and so dramatic, that the contemporary oratory may hinder us from the plain facts of the case. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral* deliberately softened the historical drama so as to lay emphasis on the inner substance of the story. In a similar way Barlow plays the symphony quietly so that the roll of the tympani, the frequent thunder, shall not deafen our ears to the human events he describes. For the reader who perseveres, as for the scholar, this enhances the value of the book; and the final chapter, "From death unto life", succeeds triumphantly. The muddle and confusion which followed the murder, the anxieties and hesitations, the anger and sorrow, the misunderstandings and contradictions of which human affairs are full, appear here in a most convincing form. Some will quote him a little kind to the king; he does not think the lukewarm phrase attributed to Henry by an eyewitness of the king's oath to the papal legates in 1172, that when he heard the news of the murder, Henry was "more grieved than glad" — a very likely reaction, for Henry must immediately have realized that, though he was probably innocent of the intention to murder, his wild anger against Becket made him responsible; but he must have been enormously relieved. The plain matter-of-fact approach of the whole work is very telling when it describes the numerous cures, the throngs of pilgrims, the rapid canonization. An attentive reader will find food for thought in many passages of this distinguished book.

The October issue of *History Today* includes an article by Norman Housley of the University of Leicester on the murder of Count Charles of Flanders ("Charles the Good") by his own vassals in 1127. Housley bases his account on a detailed narrative written by a twelfth-century notary, Gilbert of Bruges, "which has been neglected in Britain despite a very fine translation". The same issue of the monthly magazine contains two articles on the Scandinavian impact on England between the ninth and eleventh centuries. *History Today* may be ordered from 83-84 Berwick Street, London W1V 3PJ; individual issues cost £1.40.

In the current issue of the quarterly which, according to Ian Hamilton in the *Times Literary Supplement*, "has a liveliness and variety unmatched by any comparable publication in the United States."

# GRAND STREET

A LITERARY QUARTERLY

Autumn 1986

ELIZABETH JOLLEY  
*My Father's Moon*

J. D. McCLATCHY  
*Anatomies of Melancholy*  
Anthony Hecht

JEREMY TREGLOWN  
*Out of the Diving Suit*  
Robert Louis Stevenson

Stories, Poems, Articles & Photographs

TEO HUGHES NICOLAS SLONIMSKY KENT HARUF  
JERRY COOKE D.A.N. JONES GERALD JONAS  
MARILYN HACKER HARVEY SACHS PHILLIS LEVIN  
TOM DISCH RICK DEMARINIS HOWARD MOSS  
RICHARD HOWARD RICH MURPHY HENRY GIFFORD  
DOUGLAS DUNN

Mad Dogs & Others  
Suez 1986  
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



GRAND STREET, 50 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10024

- ☐ Two year subscription (8 issues) \$36 (\$48 foreign).
- ☐ One year subscription (4 issues) \$20 (\$24 foreign).
- ☐ Institutions \$24 (\$28 foreign). ☐ Two years \$48 (\$56 foreign).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ One year gift subscription to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Card from \_\_\_\_\_

Payable in US funds or by International Money Order







# Pinning down the ephemera

## Sean French

GILBERT ADAIR  
Myths and Memories  
356pp. Collins. £10.95 (paperback, £3).  
0102177366  
ROBERT HEWISON  
Too Much: Art and society in the Sixties  
1960-75  
350pp. Methuen. £14.95.  
041340790X  
IAN CHAMBERS  
Popular Culture: The metropolitan experience  
244pp. Methuen. £13.95.  
0416376703

Gilbert Adair's dedication of *Myths and Memories* is coyly addressed "à la mémoire de R. B. de G. P.". In his preface, though, he freely admits that the presiding genies of the book's two halves are Roland Barthes and Georges Perec. "Myths", the book's first section, consists of essays about subjects such as Agatha Christie, Charlie Chaplin, the Booker Prize. Page 3 girls, that is meant to provide an English counterpart to Barthes's *Mythologies*. The highly enjoyable second section, "Memories", consists of 400 numbered memories that are meant to do the same for Perec's *Je me souviens*.

Anyone who is tempted by Adair's sprightly analyses to read Barthes's original essays will find the tone there startlingly different. Barthes wrote them, he announced in his own preface, with the conviction that "by treating 'collective representations' as sign-systems,

## Aladdin sane?

### Charles Shaar Murray

PETER and LENI GILLMAN  
Atlas David Bowie: A biography  
511pp. Hodder and Stoughton.  
£16.95 (paperback, £10.95).  
0340402903

David Bowie is so firmly established as a dashing English gentleman about the arts that it seems almost incongruous that he began his career as the singer for one of the thousands of young, white blues bands which were formed in the early 1960s and whose members wanted nothing more than to follow in the footsteps of the Rolling Stones. Since then Bowie has brought about substantial changes in pop imagery, made androgyny acceptable in the pop music world, expanded the music's sonic and technological boundaries and become the only singer since the heyday of Frank Sinatra to pursue simultaneous and parallel careers as a serious actor and a bestselling musician. He considers himself, he says, to be "a generalist".

A biography of Bowie, then, should ideally chart the popular mythology of our time. Its subject has, after all, involved himself in issues which range from sexual politics to extra-terrestrial psychology. His political enthusiasms have included the right-wing occultism he briefly espoused in the mid-1970s as well as the anti-colonialism of his 1983 videos *Let's Dance* and *China Girl*. He has combined and re-combined almost every popular music genre, and has inspired, outraged and intrigued more fans than any other white popular musician with the exception of Bob Dylan.

Peter and Leni Gillman have produced the most thorough and competent biography of David Bowie so far. *Atlas David Bowie* explores three areas of his life and work which earlier biographers have avoided: his sexuality, his funeral affairs and the long-term effects of his family history. They establish that the revelation of bisexuality which Bowie used so effectively to publicize the "Ziggy Stardust" re-launch in early 1972, came after a short period of active bisexuality - a brief fling lasting less than three years - was over for good. Bowie thus set a precedent in pop which made things far easier for later, more authentically gay bands like Boy George and Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

The Gillmans' investigative background (Peter Gillman was formerly Deputy Editor of the *Sunday Times* 'Insight' team) has un-

done might hope to go further than the pious show of unmasking them and account in detail for the mystification which transforms petit-bourgeois culture into a universal nature".

Adair covers much of the same subject matter but he is fundamentally too nice, too English, and too interested in popular culture for its own sake to emulate the detachment that gives *Mythologies* its authority. At the end of a perceptive piece, entitled "Seriously, Though", on the practice of using comedians for television charity appeals, he nervously assures us that he is not questioning the sincerity of Harry Secombe and Ken Dodd. He weakens a provocative argument about the place of paedophilia in our culture with the self-evident protest that "there is no question here of 'defending' paedophilia". Many of the essays simply read like reviews that have been delivered a couple of years late. Adair's strident assaults on Tom Stoppard, Marjorie Leary and Bernard Levin's *Enthusiasm* ("What is the use of avoiding linguistic clichés if everything one writes, everything one thinks, is a cliché") and his euphoric praise for the character of Dune Edna Everage may or may not be enjoyable, but they are quite inappropriate to a study of this kind.

At his best, though, Adair is illuminating. 'Throwaway observations that "slow motion [in films] tends to be a short cut to beauty", that while Keaton is a major figure in film, Chaplin belongs to history, seem pointed and true. Consequently the second section, which consists entirely of such throwaways, is both more entertaining and more suggestive. Each sentence or little paragraph begins "I remember"

doubtedly been useful in disentangling the financial dealings of Tony DeFries, Bowie's manager during the early years of his success. Operating under a contract which guaranteed him no less than 50 per cent of the performer's gross income, DeFries deducted the massive expenses of his promotional campaign and spendthrift managerial organization from Bowie's share. In order to detach himself from DeFries, Bowie was forced to agree to a settlement which commits his heirs to pay a considerable percentage of his earnings to DeFries's heirs - in perpetuity.

The authors place their greatest emphasis on Bowie's personal history. Their attention has been drawn to the number of institutionalized schizophrenics in his mother's family. These include Bowie's late half-brother - his senior by ten years and the star's first hero and role model. The Gillmans believe that much of the inspiration for Bowie's work originates in a fear of the possibility that he, too, would eventually fall victim to hereditary schizophrenia. Their theory is by no means implausible, but they exaggerate or diminish their findings in order to justify it and anything that cannot be made to fit the criteria is denigrated or dismissed. Any of Bowie's lyrics or performances which cannot be discussed in terms of homosexuality, conflict, drugs or mental illness are considered irrelevant or inferior. This critical method effectively reduces the work of the most influential pop musician of the 1970s to a set of symptoms, and further implies that the work of the "healthy" and "sane" Bowie of the 1980s is worthless.

In their introduction, the authors claim that the total ignorance of pop music with which they started the project is an advantage. In so far as it guarantees their independence from the network of loyalties and obligations which besets insiders, this may be so; but it also prevents them from understanding the uniqueness of Bowie's achievement. He is seldom discussed in the context of the pop environment, or properly assessed as a musician. Biographies written by rock music critics rarely, if ever, display the kind of journalistic professionalism which is Peter and Leni Gillman's stock-in-trade. It is almost impossible to imagine any pop journalist, having the patience, expertise and tenacity necessary to locate and collate the kind of information presented in this book. It is, though, equally difficult for specialists in the purely investigative to capture and evoke the complex web of cultural signifiers which Bowie has, throughout his career, manipulated so masterfully.

and there then follows some fact, event or celebrity, an assembly of objects united only because they have all stuck in Gilbert Adair's brain. To choose a few at random:

240. I remember my first pair of long trousers (a rather traumatic social promotion denied today's children, who appear to wear jeans from earliest infancy).  
241. I remember a glossy but short-lived magazine named *London Life*.  
242. I remember "I gotta horse!"

Some are autobiographical; some are memories we would all share. And some of them are wrong: he does not remember Lord Docker (he was Sir Bernard Docker); Dennis Lotis and Lita Roza were not Joe Loss's vocalists (they were Tod Heath's); Graham Greene did not appear uncredited in Truffaut's *La Nuit américaine* (he appeared under the pseudonym Henry Graham).

The items are charming and witty in isolation and cumulatively work with some power. If we think of the mind as a lyre, a mirror or lamp, we must also think of it as a junkyard, a collection of disparate, largely useless objects. This idea and the authenticity of the 400 little perceptions mean more than the earlier explicit attempts at cultural criticism.

Robert Hewison's *Too Much: Art and society in the Sixties* covers much of the same ground as Adair's "Memories" but the treatment could not be more different. Hewison has already chronicled the cultural life of Britain during the Second World War (in *Under Siege*) and of the Cold War (in *In Anger*). Here he covers a period through which he has lived as an adult. It is a subject that lends itself to the impressionistic, "New Journalism" style of, say, Tom Wolfe, Hunter S. Thompson or Nik Cohn; but Hewison remains unswayed and his style is studiously impersonal. His interpretations are relatively rare and modest in the extreme: "Each decade appears to have its own moment of myth... [they] reflect an imaginative rather than literal truth, but that does not destroy their validity"; "the experiments of the Theatre of Cruelty had opened up new means of expression, but of the expense of rational discourse". These are not judgments that will set readers at one another's throats. The final

## The disco floor of life

### Neil Berry

SIMON GARFIELD  
Expensive Habits: The dark side of the music industry  
269pp. Faber. £14.95 (paperback, £5.95).  
01571137202  
DAYE HILL  
Designer Boys and Material Girls: Manufacturing the '80s Pop Dream  
160pp. Blandford. £9.95.  
0713718579

How much did George Michael lose out on his recording deal with Innervision? Did Elton John really only get £15 a week while writing "Rocket Man"? Simon Garfield's book, *Expensive Habits*, a catalogue of cases of pop-star exploitation, is Denn Street conversation in print. For those - but perhaps only for those - who want to know exactly how, by whom and by how much the Beatles, the Kinks, the Who and others were ripped off, it is essential reading.

The book has a simple message: that now as ever the world of pop music is almost as rife with con-men as it is with girls. Duplicious contracts are, mindlessly signed, by ingenuous, mesmerized by the idea of fame, or by established performers who have become too drugged and/or jaded to realize what the implications of their deals will be. Later, lawyers capitalize on their follies. Garfield's most telling case in this respect concerns the singer who replaced Jay Aston in the group Bucks Fizz. Aston's apparently ruthless treatment at the hands of colleagues and manager, and her resultant contractual problems, were widely publicized. Yet, when her replacement was asked about the terms of her contract, she replied that she had no idea what went on, really, but that it was very difficult. She could always trust the others to help her.

chapter, where the first person comes out of the closet, is the weakest in the book. Hewison has approached his vast, chaotic subject with thoroughness and intelligence. The iconoclast he has largely left to others.

The 1960s are of course now celebrated or reviled as a Dionysiac age: of sexual liberation, of immense artistic and political ferment. First period of happenings and revolution. Hewison has provided a history of bureaucracy. His heroes are not so much the creative artists, as the entrepreneurs who made the happenings happen. This is partly because many of the crucial events in the 1960s, from demonstrations in Grosvenor Square to parties at the Round House, prove elusive on the page. But it is also a shrewd observation of the age. The reason Arnold Wesker's scheme for spreading high culture to the masses failed was not because (or not just because) the idea was misguided but because he was not able to base his work in a building, and also because he alienated Jennie Lee, the minister for the arts.

Jim Haynes, for example, may often seem little more than a concupiscent hippy, but he managed to get shows on the road, parties in motion and, most important of all, buildings to house them in. It was a time for organization, from Lord Goodman to Michael Horowitz. The impression remains, though, that while the 1960s did not lack for events, not much real work was produced by comparison with the previous couple of decades. The happenings have vanished and perhaps the real legacy is the LPs.

It seems appropriate that in *Popular Culture: The metropolitan experience*, a book designed as a textbook for students of communications, Ian Chambers provides not a bibliography but a list of "Further Materials" covering videos, LPs and television programmes. Chambers's book reads like a continuation of the two previous books: thumbnail histories of every field of current culture from *Sergeant Pepper* to high-rise blocks. The snippets deployed are as familiar as the quotations from Benjamin and Barthes. Thus, *Popular Culture* may prove a useful textbook - so long as it provides a route back into its real sources rather than a handy detour around them.

## Down the time track

### Colin Greenland

ROBERT LEESON  
Time Rope  
135pp. 0582250889  
Three Against the World  
129pp. 0582250897  
At War with Tomorrow  
133pp. 0582250900  
The Metro Gangs Attack  
147pp. 0582250919  
Longman. £5.95 each.

"This is research of the utmost importance", says Arnold Medway of the Time Annexe. "The aim is simple, but far-reaching... Know who you were, understand who you are, decide what you will be." Arising from the discovery that individual memory is transmitted genetically, this is an admirable motto for the establishment where a volunteer subject, Kera Martell, is sent back down the "Time Track" to relive the lives of her ancestors. Prominently posted on page seven of Robert Leeson's *Time Rope* and frequently repeated through all four volumes of the tetralogy, it is also an exemplary text, a statement of intent, for an author who is using the notion of time travel to dramatize history and its political and moral lessons for young readers. That *Time Rope* makes such wretched reading is not due to any uncertainty of purpose.

Not are the books deficient in drama. While

## After the Flood

### Alice H. G. Phillips

DICK KING-SMITH  
Noah's Brother  
Illustrated by Ian Newsham  
66pp. Gallancz. £5.95.  
0375 038764  
MARTIN WADDELL and GLENYS AMBRUS  
The Day It Rained Elephants  
36pp. Methuen. £4.95.  
0416 549802

*Noah's Brother* explains why the Flood didn't wash out of the world. You see, there was only one good human being aboard the Ark - Noah's brother, Hazardikladoram, a 708-year-old vegetarian and animal lover - and he had no descendants. His mean, stupid, carnivorous nephews, sons of that awful fraud Noah, inherited the waterlogged earth. And you know how that story ends.

As Dick King-Smith retells it, Noah's brother, familiarly known as "Yessah" because he was so easily ordered around, cut down the trees for the Ark, filled it with animals, and quick-wittedly saved it from sinking. Noah, not wanting to share the credit, abandoned his brother at Journey's end and made sure his contributions went unrecorded - until now. Believing parents may have their doubts about a version of Genesis 6-9 that omits God entirely, and they may not like the ramifications of the covenantal rainbow's aluding Noah and coming to rest on his brother. Marxist mothers and fathers will be pleased by the portrait of Mr and Mrs Noah as the original bourgeois exploiters. The majority of parents will smile at the biblical jokes and approve King-Smith's gentle revisionism.

Children, whether or not they know their Bible, will appreciate in *Noah's Brother* the eternal myth of wicked authority figures making life hard for an innocent child (in this case, for a childlike 708-year-old man). Wickedness triumphs generally here, as it does everywhere, but the specific innocent lives happily ever after. If this doesn't move the child reader, the disaster of the Flood and the fantasy of drifting in a boat above the highest mountains will.

Dick King-Smith and his illustrator, Ian Newsham, have a real feeling for the animals and a unforgotten tenderness for Yessah. Yessah may be an alter ego for King-Smith; the author, too, is a sort of Pied Piper of the animal world, leading them merrily through his books, including the prize-winning *The Sheep-Pig*. The scene in which the beasts feed and bath Yessah and put him to bed is a joy in words and

Kera sleeps in the Time Annexe in 2034, she is experiencing the life of her mother, Lady Fiona Horden, a runaway heiress in 1988, aged eighteen. Fiona herself dips back in time after swinging from a rope on the branch of a tree by a dreary canal; so, too, do two boys, the battered, bellicose Tod Morris and the clever, *dégage* Roller McKenzie, independently and apparently accidentally, to find themselves visiting the lives of their unknown forebears. Fee, Tod and Roller become the central characters of *Time Rope*. Each turns out to be the inheritor of a family tradition of honourable rebelliousness and bloody-mindedness which will, in the last volume, flare up triumphantly in their respective descendants in 2034. The historical episodes include Lady Margaret Horden defying her evil capitalist father and having an affair with a labourer; Rick Spencer the mistreated prentice robbing bloated plutocrats on the King's Highway; and Kofe the maroon fighting redcoats for freedom in Jamaica. Such chapters are titled simply "Fee", "Tod" and "Roller", to keep the incarnations clear.

Unfortunately, while Leeson is quite good at the various punch-ups and pursuits, fights with Franco's fascists or futuristic bikers, he is stunningly bad at dialogue. In the Neutral Zone, a wasteland limbo where the trio have to wait before and after each time-trip, Fee pacifies the hostile Tod:

"Relax, Tod. Roller is right. Wherever we are, whenever we are, we are stuck with each other. As if

pen-and-ink drawings.

The book also supplies practical details not found in the Bible (how did they ever gather all those animals? and who cleaned up after them?) and gives one a strong sense of what it might be like to be cooped up in an ark for fifty-four days and nights. Dialogue is good colloquial British, except for Noah, who declaims like a pompous elder statesman. The narrative is brisk and witty, sliding naturally into the poetic at poetic moments.

There are a few weaknesses in the construction: Yessah walks a fine line between saintliness and wishfulness. The whys of the Flood, of who gets spared and who goes under, are left unplumbed (admittedly it is a touchy subject in these nuclear days). And the book's winding-down is protracted, although its moral is funny and true: Count your blessings - you're alive, you have your animal friends, and your family has left you.

## A small battalion

### Nicole Irving

LYNNE REID BANKS  
Return of the Indian  
136pp. Dent. £7.95.  
0460 062395

Lynne Reid Banks's popular *The Indian in the Cupboard* (1980) told the story of Omri and his friend Patrick whose magic cupboard brought to life any toy plastic figures they put in it. The boys soon found themselves embroiled in the lives of the miniature people they snatched out of the past: the Troquois Little Bull, his squaw Twin Stars, and Boone the cowboy. In this sequel the characters and the magic principles are revived, but changes have occurred in the boys' lives and there are enough surprises to refresh the original idea. In particular the boys' discovery that the magic properties they thought the cupboard held are in fact invested in the key. An old chest in Omri's room, once large enough for the boys to climb into, becomes a time-and-place machine.

In the earlier book, Patrick and Omri found that bringing their miniature friends to life led to all kinds of difficulties and dangers, and they wisely brought their experiments to a halt. In the intervening year, Omri has drawn on these adventures to write a story for a competition.

When he learns he has won a prize, he is tempted to check that all the fantastic events really did happen. But the moment he brings Little Bull to life, his hopes of simply satisfying his curiosity vanish: "He" Indian has just been

were on a desert island. We cannot afford to quarrel."

Tod pulled a face. "OK. But what do we do?" Roller uncoiled his legs and stretched out full length in the grass.

"What can you do with time but let it pass?" This banal and contrived exchange of pronouncements is offered as conversation throughout every volume, every era; worst among the boffins of the Time Annexe. "Listen," Medway tells a colleague,

"you know what energy costs. It is to us what gold was to the 20th century. It's been like that ever since we lost the fossil fuel supplies in the North after the Civil War in '38."

This is the dialogue of mouthpieces, figures who function but have no feelings, no reactions. Involuntary victims of an unannounced and incomprehensible apocalypse that crases and rewrites their very selves, the youngsters hardly even shudder - because they had such sketchy selves in the first place.

With no atmosphere, scant background detail, and no continuum of substantive characterization to validate the encounters with historical paradigms, the organization of *Time Rope* falls apart. The fourth volume abruptly abandons the 1988 plot, leaving Fee, Tod and Roller in mid-conflict with the nuthrities, and substituting simplistic social upheaval in 2034. For all his proclaimed *Gothic sensuous*, Leeson's is a manipulative, didactic fiction, with no time for subjectivity, the individual sensibility and the unprogrammable self.

No wonder the Noahs took to the Ark - they'd been reading another rainy-day book, *The Day It Rained Elephants*. The cliché "roaring cats and dogs" is not exactly made new in this new picture book, but it is made colourful: the pachyderms which fall instead of raindrops from the suspiciously elephantine stormcloud are flowered, polka-dotted, wallpaper-patterned, psychedelic. Most amazingly, some of them are small enough to hide in a buttercup. Zoë and Jack, two children who live alone in a tin-roofed house, catch one of the elephants for their very own. The others evaporate when the sun comes out, thank heavens, but this mid-sized one stays on as a reminder. Some of the illustrations are quickly amusing: an elephant, having crashed through a roof, in bed with pretty woman; a postman chasing an elephant riding away on his bicycle and later reappearing riding on the elephant's back; an elephant in a Boy Scout cockpit.

wounded in battle and now lies there helpless, dying perhaps. To leave him thus would be to shrug off all responsibility. Omri and Patrick conjure up medical assistance; then they call on the services of a toy soldier, Royal Marine Corporal Fickits, to train Indians in the use of modern weapons. With this help, Little Bull is sent back to save his people. The central adventure makes enthralling and hair-raising reading. Keeping all these goings-on secret from Omri's family is a feat and there are practical problems such as how to feed forty tiny Troquois braves and their horses in an attic bedroom.

One aspect of the novel is handled less successfully. In the opening pages, we learn that Omri's family have moved to a large house in a rough area. The boy has to contend with a group of bullying skinheads on his way home from school. Omri's opportunity to get his own back comes when the skinheads burglar his family's house: he and Patrick are alone and make use of Fickits, their loyal and efficient Royal Marine, to attack the skinheads with a miniature army. All this is fair enough. What is questionable is the portrayal of the skinheads. We accept that the corporal or the hospital matron should be comic stock characters. But there is a strong identification (and it must be said, a complacently negative one) between the working-class area and the aggressive, thieving louts. The only point of contact between our nice little heroes and these young thugs is fighting and the balance is tipped in favour of the better-off children to whom this book perhaps unwittingly addresses itself.

## INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

Adair, Gilbert. *Myths and Memories* 1174  
Amichai, Yehuda. *The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai. Translated by Yehuda Amichai* 1158  
Andrews, William L. *To Tell a Free Story: The first century of Afro-American autobiography, 1760-1865* 1170  
Assessment of Best Practical Environmental Options for Management of Low and Intermediate-level Solid Radioactive Waste 1155  
Bainbridge, Beryl. *Filthy Lucre, or The Tragedy of Andrew Ledwhistle and Richard Soleway* 1168  
Banks, Lynne Reid. *Return of the Indian* 1175  
Bargad, Warren, and Stanley F. Chyet (Editors). *Israeli Poetry: A contemporary anthology* 1158  
Barker, Paul. *The Century's Oughter* 1166  
Barlow, Frank. *Thomas Becket* 1171  
Bartlett, Donald B., and James D. Steele. *Forever More: Nuclear waste in America* 1155  
Bryer, Anthony, and David Winfield. *The Byzantine Monuments and Topography of the Pontus: Volumes One and Two* 1172  
Carey, John (Editor). *William Golding: The man and his books: A tribute on his 75th birthday* 1153  
Chambers, Ian. *Popular Culture: The metropolitan experience* 1174  
Cormock, Rahin. *Writing in Gold: Byzantine society and its icons* 1172  
Crossley-Holland, Kevin (Editor). *The Oxford Book of Travel Verse* 1154  
Dandamov, Muhammad A. *Slavery in Babylonia from Ninophasm to Alexander the Great (626-331 BC)* 1173  
Earlight, D. J. *The Alluring Problem: An essay on irony* 1151  
Frame, Ronald. *A Long Weekend With Marcell Proust* 1169  
Garfield, Simon. *Expensive Habits: The dark side of the music industry* 1174  
Gillman, Peter and Leni. *Atlas David Bowie: A biography* 1174  
Hewison, Robert. *Too Much: Art and society in the sixties 1960-75* 1174  
Hill, Dave. *Designer Boys and Material Girls: Manufacturing the '80s pop dream* 1174  
Johnson, Paul (Editor). *The Oxford Book of Political Anecdotes* 1157  
Kashdan, A. P., and Ann Wharton Epstein. *Change in Byzantine Culture in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries* 1172  
Koyssar, Alexander. *Out of Work: The first century of unemployment in Massachusetts* 1170  
King-Smith, Dick. *Noah's Brother* 1175  
Lawrence, T. E. *Crusader Castles* 1167  
Lee, Hermeline (Editor). *The Mulberry Tree: Writings of Elizabeth Bowen* 1152  
Leeson, Robert. *Time Rope: Three Against the World. At War with Tomorrow. The Metro Gangs Attack* 1175  
Lefth Fennar, Patrick. *Between the Woods and the Water: On foot to Constantinople from the Hook of Holland: The Middle Ombus to the Iron Gates* 1154  
Lively, Pendelo. *Pack of Cards* 1168  
McCusker, John J., and Russell Menard. *The Economy of British America 1607-1789* 1170  
Mole, John. *The Monogamist* 1168  
Nassauer, Rudolf. *Kramer's Goats* 1169  
Openshaw, Stan. *Nuclear Power: Sting and safety* 1155  
Page, Norman (Editor). *William Golding: Novels, 1954-67* 1153  
Parks, Tim. *Loving Roger* 1168  
Patterson, Ruth Polk. *The Seed of Sally Good'n: A black family of Arkansas, 1833-1953* 1170  
Percy, Andy, Martin Spence and Roy Thompson. *The Energy Fix: Towards a socialist energy strategy* 1155  
Potter, Dennis. *Ticket to Ride* 1169  
Smith, David C. H. G. *Wells: Desperately mortal* 1153  
Waddell, Martin, and Glenys Ambrus. *The Day It Rained Elephants* 1175  
Wright, Auberon. *Another Voice: An alternative anatomy of Britain* 1157  
Wind, Edward. *Humie and the Heroic Portrait: Studies in eighteenth-century imagery. The Eloquence of Symbols* 1166  
Yapp, Peter (Editor). *The Travellers' Dictionary of Quotations: Who said what, about where?* 1154  
The first of the Columbia University Book Arts Press Occasional Publications prints an expanded version of a lecture by B. H. Breslau on *The Uses of Bookbinding Literature* (44pp. New York Columbia University School of Library Science, 516 Butler Library, New York NY 10027. \$10). Breslau provides a compact and authoritative guide to his subject as it has developed since the seventeenth century.